



AMERICA'S FIRST *and* GREATEST SUPERNATURAL!



NO 45-
JULY

ADVENTURES INTO THE UNKNOWN!

There WAS
NO MERCY AMONG
VAMPIRES! READ THE
GRIM, CHILLING TALE OF
KELKOR, WINGED MARAUDER
OF THE SKIES, IN

"DEATH ^{on}
the WING"

THE STRANGEST SUPER-
NATURAL STORY OF
THE CENTURY!

10¢

FOOL! WHAT
KNOW I OF
MERCY?

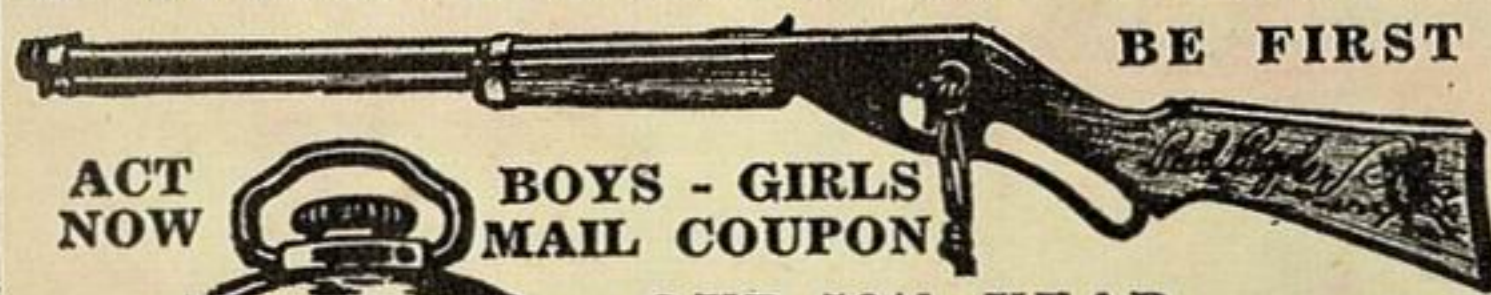
HELP!
SPARE
ME!





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Boys
Girls
Ladies
Men

Act
Now

Be
First

Our
58th
Year

PREMIUMS - GIVEN - CASH

BOYS - GIRLS - LADIES

ACT NOW — BE FIRST

WATCHES

MAIL
COUPON



OUR 58th
YEAR

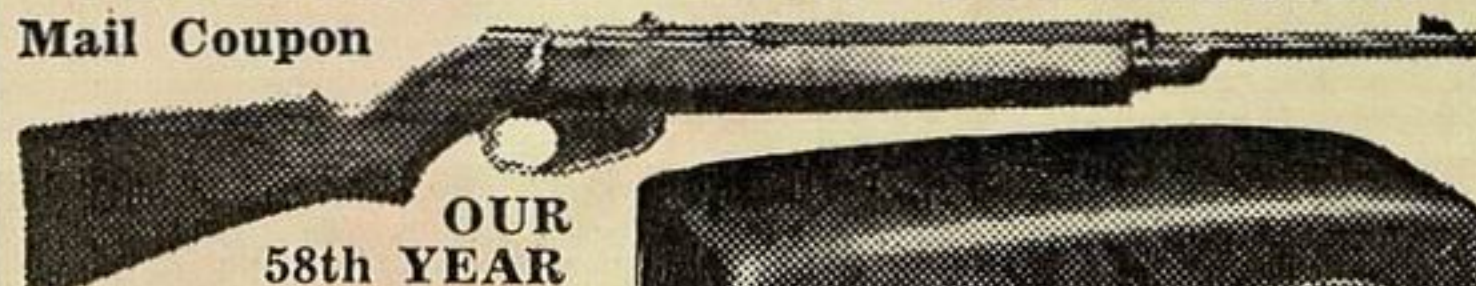
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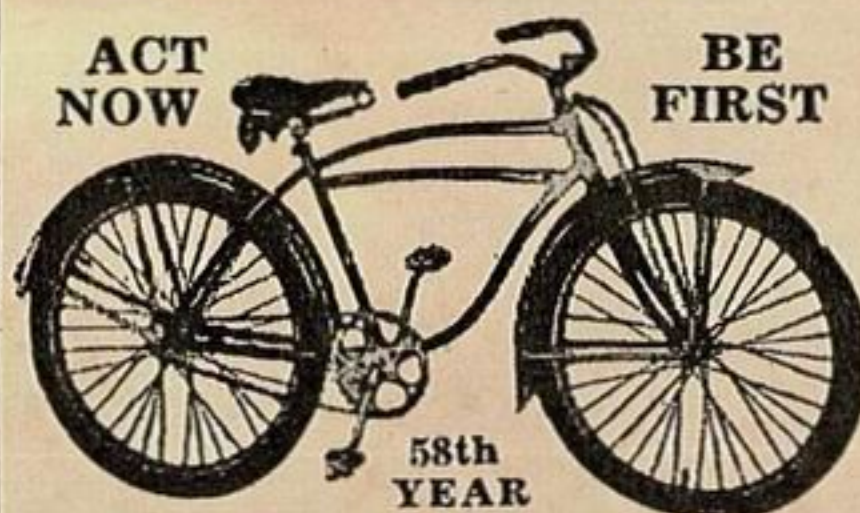
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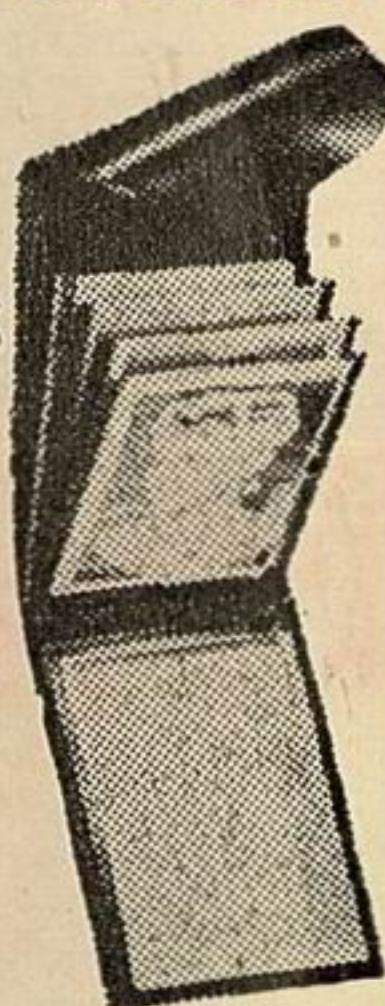


58th
YEAR

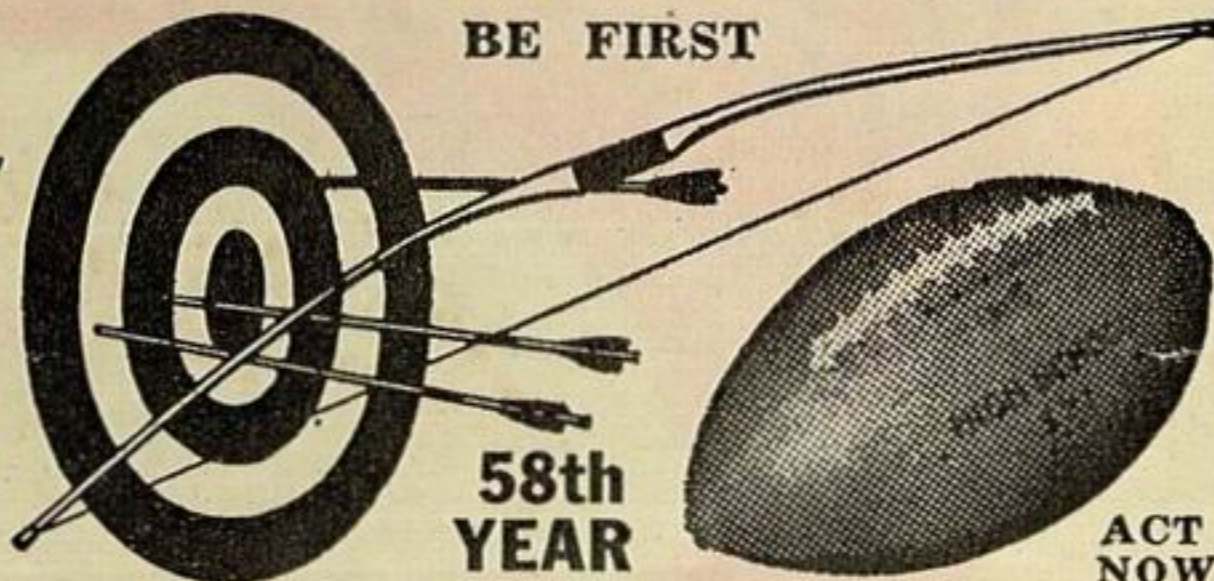
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GIRLS
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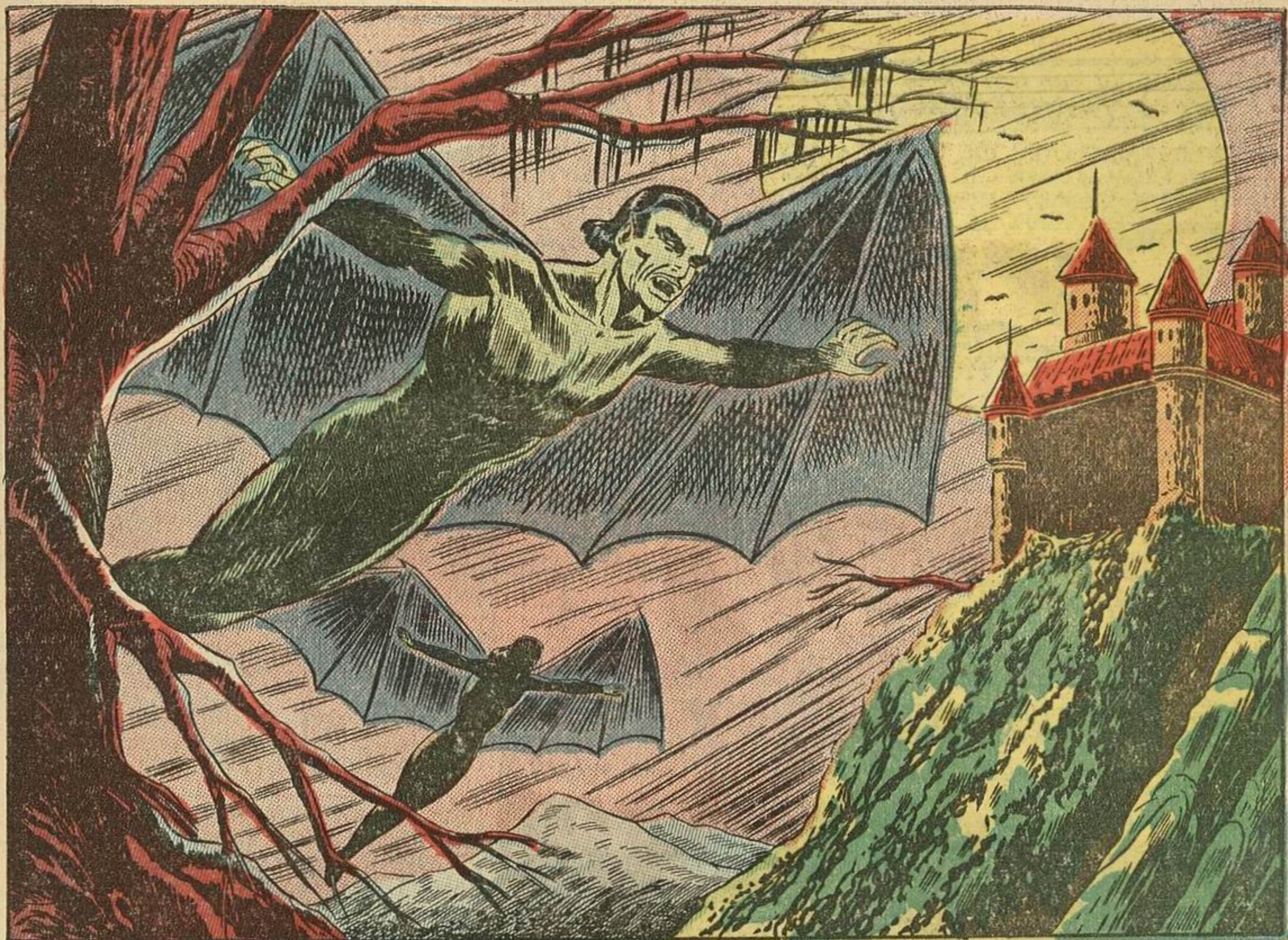
NAME..... AGE.....

ST..... R.D..... BOX.....
ZONE

TOWN..... NO..... STATE.....

Print LAST
Name Here

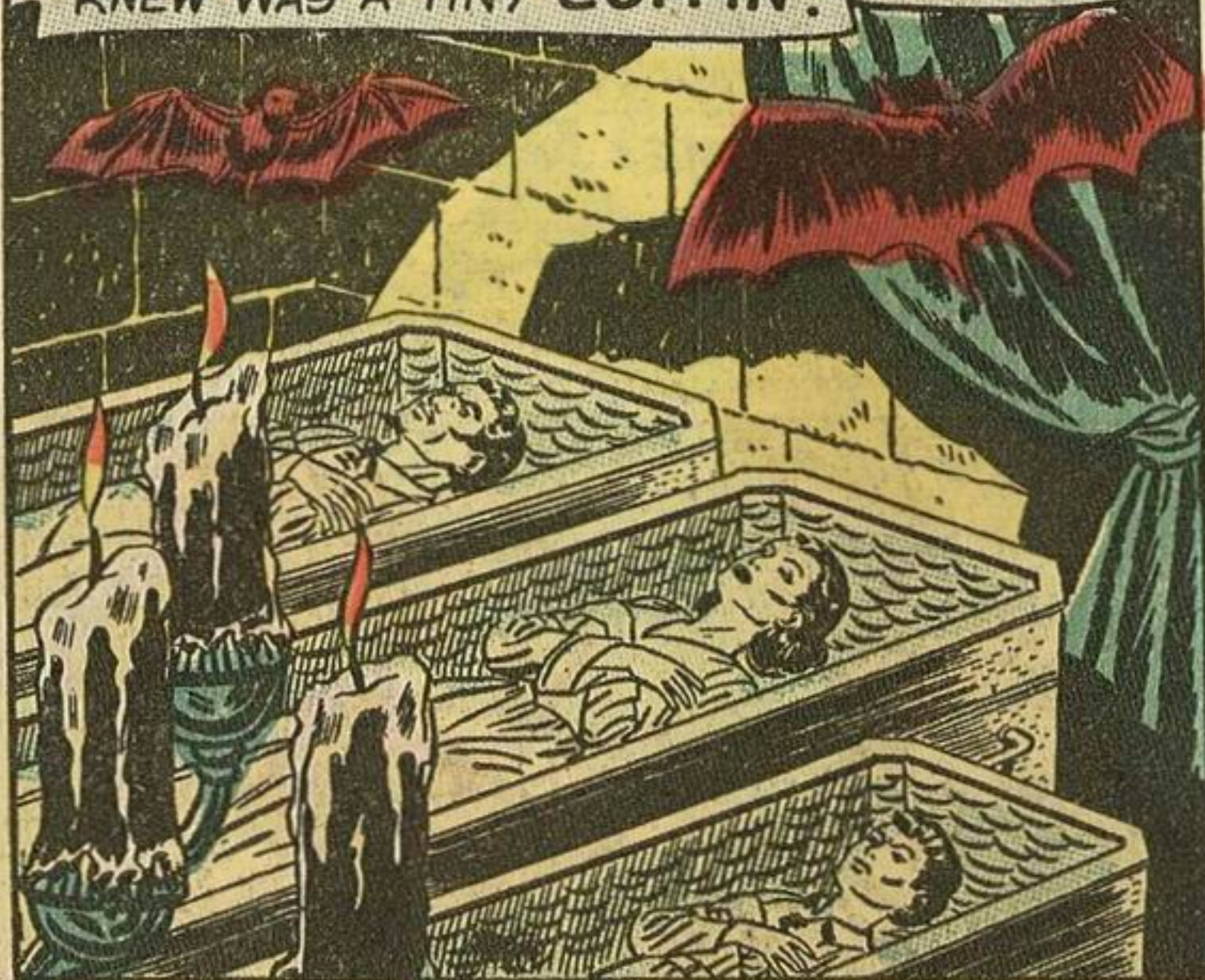
Paste on a postal card or mail in an envelope NOW



VAMPIRES!.. DREAD DENIZENS OF THE TERROR-FILLED NIGHT-- WINGED PERPETRATORS OF THE GHASTLIEST CRIMES KNOWN TO MAN! HOW MANY ILL-FATED MORTALS HAVE KNOWN THE HORROR OF THEIR REMORSELESS FANGS? HOW MANY VICTIMS HAVE RISEN TO NIGHTMARE WAKEFULNESS TO FACE---

DEATH ON THE Wing!

HE WAS BORN NEARLY 300 YEARS AGO-- IN AN OLD AND GLOOMY CASTLE AMID COBWEB-SHROUDED MURK... AND THE ONLY CRADLE HE KNEW WAS A TINY **COFFIN!**



YES, KELKOR WAS A **VAMPIRE**-- TRAINED BY SATANIC PARENTS--

REMEMBER, MY SON-- YOU ARE **IMMORTAL** SO LONG AS **SILVER** NEVER PENETRATES YOUR BODY, NOR A WOODEN STAKE-- AND SO LONG AS YOU **DO NOT KILL DURING THE HOURS OF DAYLIGHT!**



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EACH SUNDOWN, THE BOY KNEW THE STRANGE AGONY OF TRANSFORMATION!

DARKNESS FALLS OVER THE LAND-- AND WE CHANGE FROM HUMANS TO **VAMPIRES!** FIERCE FANGS, MIGHTY WINGS GROW-- OUR WEAPONS OF CONQUEST!



EACH NIGHT, WHEN HIS PARENTS WENT FORTH TO HUNT, KELKOR KNEW A FIERCE YEARNING-- BIDDING HIM TO GO WITH THEM!

NO, LITTLE ONE-- YOU ARE NOT OLD OR STRONG ENOUGH! BUT YOUR TIME IS COMING-- **SOON!**



TOWARDS DAWN--

APPROACH, KELKOR--SEE THE **PREY OF THE VAMPIRES!**



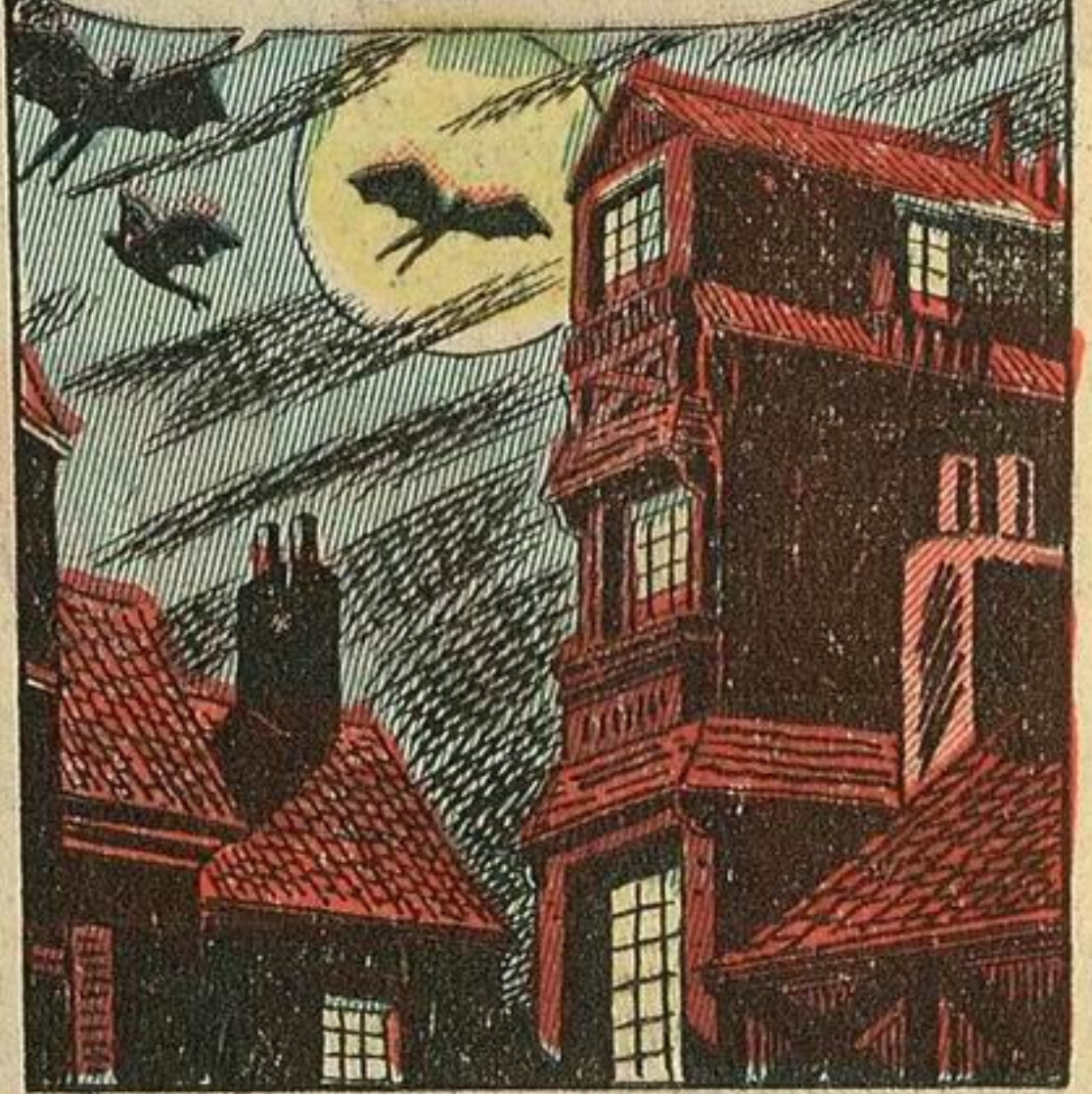
NO--NO! STAY AWAY!

BUT-- BUT YOU FEAR ME-- WHY?



YEARS PASSED-- AND AT LAST KELKOR WAS ABLE TO FOLLOW HIS PARENTS ON THEIR NIGHTLY QUESTS--

GO, MY SON! NOW YOU KNOW THE HUNGER OF OUR KIND-- AND TONIGHT YOU WILL SATISFY IT FOR THE FIRST TIME AS YOU WERE DESTINED TO!



FOR THE FIRST TIME IN HIS EVIL LIFE, KELKOR FELT THE STRANGE GNAWING WITHIN HIM MOUNT--

WHAT SHALL MY VICTIM BE LIKE? SHALL THERE BE TERROR, A STRUGGLE? SOON I SHALL **KNOW!**



AND WHEN HE KNEW-- HE KNEW ALSO A SENSE OF DEMONIC POWER--

HELP! SPARE ME!

FOOL! WHAT KNOW I OF **MERCY?**



THE YEARS ROLLED ON--AND KELKOR'S POWERS GREW! HE BECAME A MIGHTY CREATURE OF THE NIGHT--CAPABLE OF RANGING FAR AND WIDE

ON HIS GHASTLY HUNTS--

I AM-- **INVINCIBLE!**



HE HAD KNOWN JOY IN WATCHING HIS VICTIMS' TERROR--

RUN-- **RUN**, PRETTY ONE! PERHAPS YOU'LL ESCAPE! **HA-HA!**



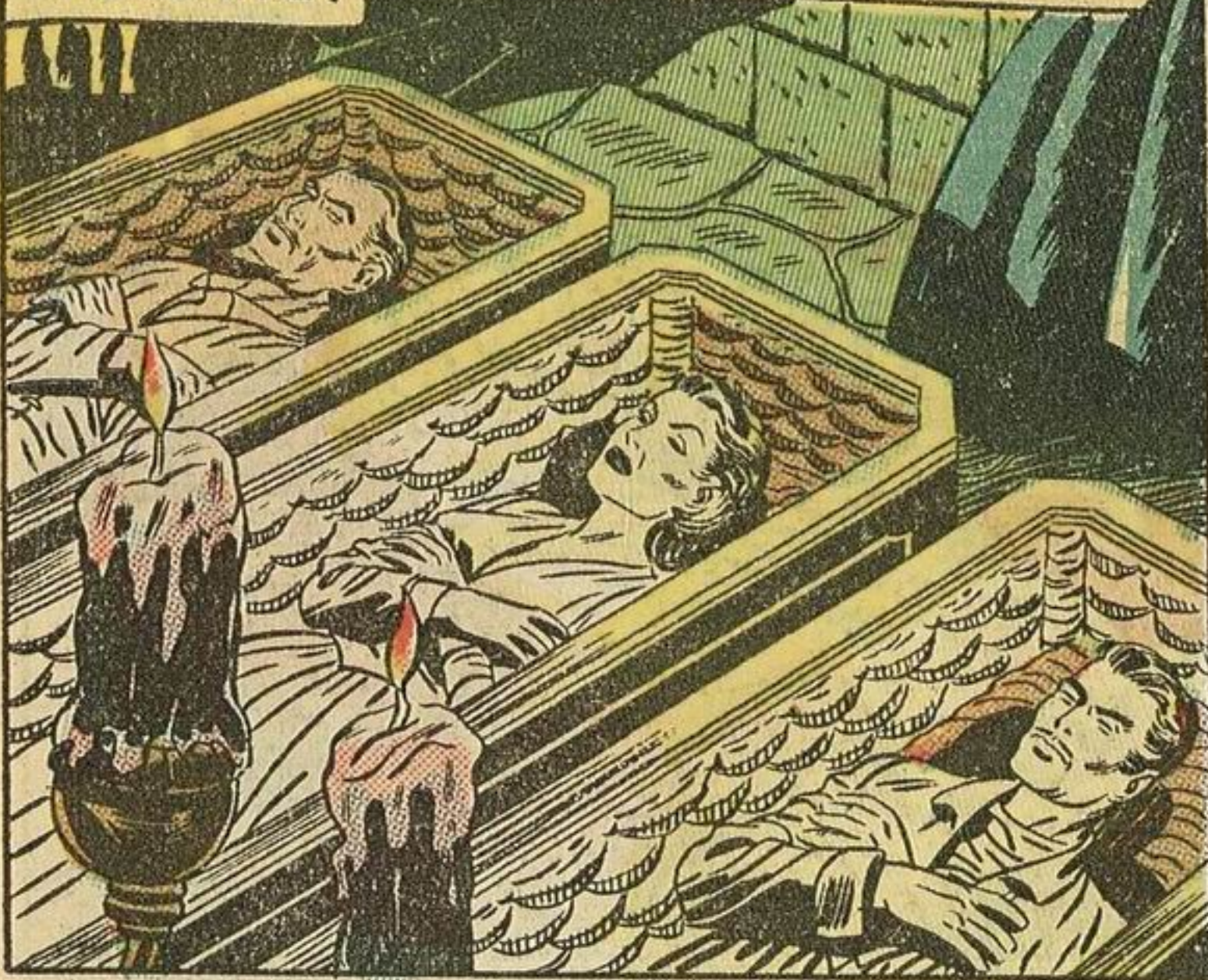
H-HELP!

BUT ALWAYS HE REMEMBERED HIS EARLY LESSONS--

SHE'S FAINTED! AND I MUST LEAVE HER UNHARMED, FOR IT IS DAWN, AND THE LAWS OF MY KIND FORBID ME TO KILL DURING THE HOURS OF DAYLIGHT!



THUS, WITH DAWN, KELKOR'S PROWLING ALWAYS CAME TO AN END! THEN IT WAS SWIFTLY BACK TO THE CASTLE--TO SLEEP THE STRANGE OBLIVION OF PURE EVIL!



THE YEARS FLED BY, BRINGING MANY CHANGES--

I'M ALONE SINCE MY PARENTS DEPARTED FOR OTHER CLIMES-- AND I'M **LONELY!**



SEVERAL NIGHTS LATER--

I WAS A FOOL TO BRAVE THIS STORM! THE WIND BATTERS MY WINGS-- I CAN'T KEEP MYSELF ALOFT MUCH LONGER!



SUDDENLY-- IN THE GRIP OF A STRONG GUST--

OHH-H!



WHAM!

THE.. THE CASTLE'S AHEAD.. BUT MY FOOT'S **BROKEN!** HOW CAN I GET THE HELP I NEED WITHOUT BEING **FOUND OUT?**



WITH DAWN.. THE PAIN GROWS WORSE.. BUT I KNOW WHAT TO DO NOW! I'VE ASSUMED MY HUMAN SHAPE.. AND IF I CAN REMAIN HIDDEN AT NIGHT THE STUPID HUMANS WILL SUSPECT **NOTHING!**



AT THE TOWN HOSPITAL..

A NASTY BREAK, MR. KELKOR.. YOU'LL NEED OBSERVATION FOR SEVERAL WEEKS!

THEN I SHALL NEED A PRIVATE ROOM! BUT AFTER SUNDOWN, I SHALL TOLERATE NO DISTURBANCE! REMEMBER.. **ABSOLUTE PRIVACY AFTER DARK!**



STRANGE CHARACTER, I'D SAY!

WELL, YOU KNOW HOW THESE RICH FELLOWS ARE SOMETIMES.. **ECCENTRIC!**



THE FOLLOWING DAYS WERE DIFFICULT.. AS KELKOR LEARNED HOW DIFFERENT HE WAS FROM ORDINARY MEN..

BUT YOU MUST TAKE **SOMETHING**, SIR! ISN'T THERE **ANYTHING** YOU ENJOY EATING?

NO! TAKE IT AWAY.. **AWAY!**



YOU HAVEN'T EATEN ANYTHING FOR DAYS, MR. KELKOR.. AND YOU'RE LOSING STRENGTH FAST! THE DOCTOR HAS ORDERED A TRANSFUSION FOR YOU THIS AFTERNOON.. ARE YOU WILLING?

YES, OF COURSE, LUCRET.. THAT'S JUST THE THING!



STRANGE.. I HATE ALL HUMANS.. BUT THAT GIRL! SHE HAS.. A STRANGE EFFECT UPON ME!



AND SO, TRANSFUSIONS SUSTAINED HIM FOR THE FOLLOWING WEEKS! SLEEPING MOST OF THE DAY, KELKOR REMAINED VIGILANT ALL NIGHT--

GOT TO-- FIGHT DOWN MY VAMPIRE YEARNINGS-- RESTRAIN MYSELF TILL I'M WELL AGAIN! WONDER-- WHAT LUCRET WOULD THINK---



ONE AFTERNOON-- STARTING FROM HIS MIDDAY SLUMBERS--

WHAT THE...! LUCRET! WHAT ARE YOU DOING BY MY BEDSIDE?

I WAS JUST--WATCHING TO SEE IF YOU WERE ALL RIGHT!



HE LOOKED DEEPLY INTO THE FRAGILE GIRL'S EYES-- AND FELT A STRANGE WAVE OF TENDERNESS SWEEP OVER HIM! THEN, SUCCUMBING TO AN UNEXPECTED IMPULSE--

LUCRET, I-- I...

DON'T SPEAK-- DON'T SAY ANYTHING!



DAYS AFTERWARD--

LIKE THESE HUMANS-- I TOO NEED A MATE! BUT HOW CAN I DECLARE MYSELF TO LUCRET-- SINCE WHAT I AM WOULD FILL HER WITH UNBEARABLE HORROR?



MEANWHILE, IN THE NURSES' QUARTERS--

BUT I DON'T SEE HOW YOU CAN STAND THAT GUY KELKOR, LUCRET-- HE'S SO CREEPY!

NO-- HE'S ONLY DIFFERENT! I FIND HIM-- FASCINATING!



FINALLY--

WELL, MR. KELKOR-- IT'S HEALED PERFECTLY! YOU'LL BE ABLE TO LEAVE THE HOSPITAL IN A COUPLE OF DAYS!

THEN I MUST ACT QUICKLY! I SHALL FOLLOW HUMAN WAYS-- AND WOO LUCRET! I WILL CAST HER UNDER MY SPELL-- AND BEAR HER TO MY LAIR TO BE MY MATE!



READY TO LEAVE THE HOSPITAL, KELKOR SUMMONED UP HIS COURAGE TO ASK--

COULD I-- CALL UPON YOU? AT YOUR HOME?

NO-- WE MUSTN'T! WE... WE HAVE NOTHING IN COMMON! WE MUSTN'T SEE EACH OTHER AGAIN-- EVER!



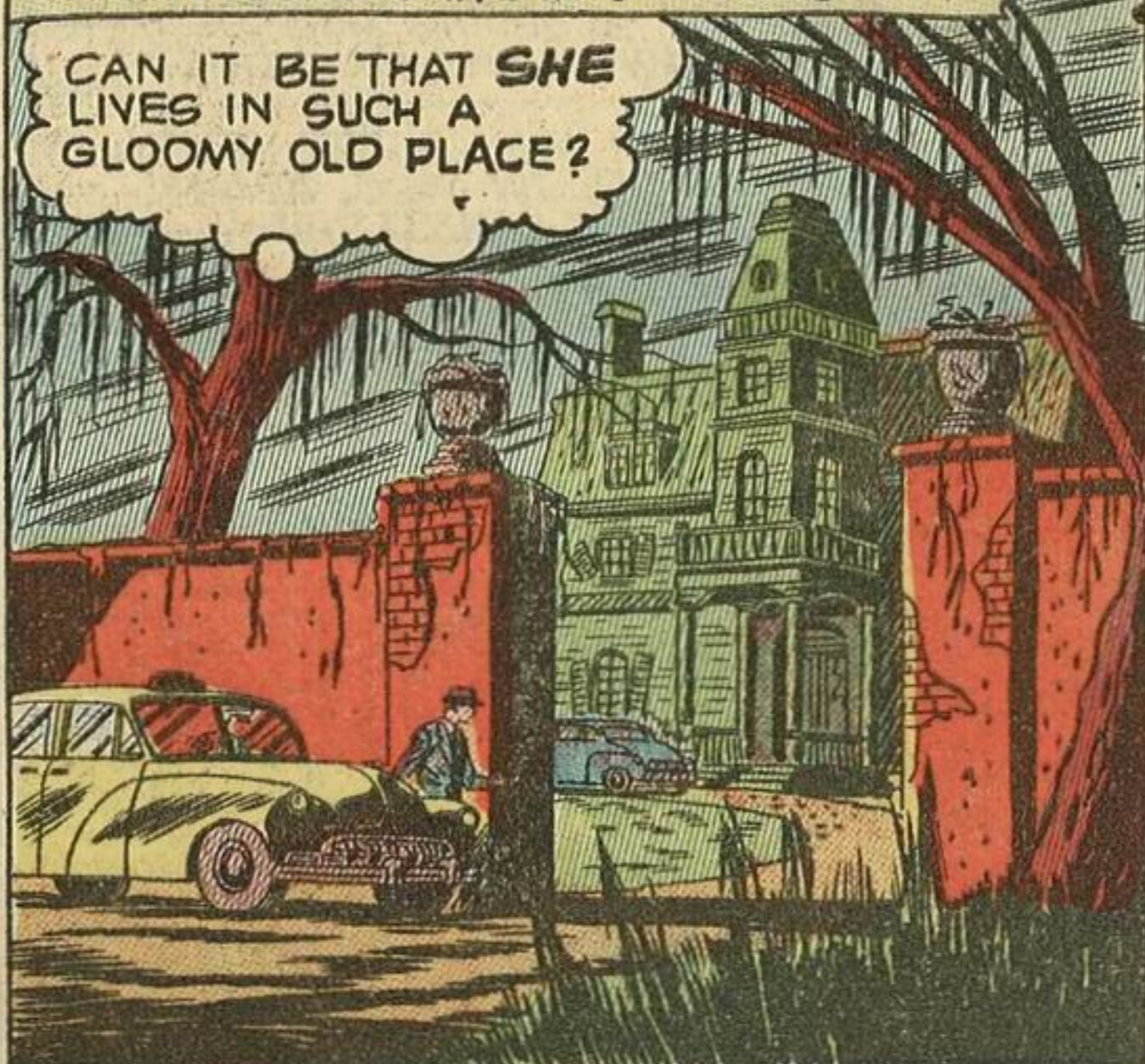
THWARTED, KELKOR DETERMINED TO WIN THE GIRL AT ANY COST! SO, WAITING FOR HER OUTSIDE THE HOSPITAL--

FORTUNATELY, SHE WORKS ONLY DURING THE DAY! I'LL FOLLOW HER HOME, AND BEFORE THE DAY IS OUT-- SHE'LL BE **MINE!**



AFTER A LONG DRIVE INTO THE COUNTRY--

CAN IT BE THAT **SHE** LIVES IN SUCH A GLOOMY OLD PLACE?



WHAT IS THE MEANING OF THIS DECAYING HOUSE-- AND LUCRET'S PECULIAR BEHAVIOR? AH, SHE'S ENTERING A ROOM-- NOW TO TIPTOE TO THE DOOR---



NEXT MOMENT, AN AMAZING DISCOVERY--

IMPS OF TOPHET! SHE'S A... A...

RISE, MY BROTHERS --**ARISE!**



AH, LUCRET-- BACK FROM THE HOSPITAL! HAVE YOU BROUGHT US OUR-- **SUSTENANCE?**

YES! BUT HEAR ME, SANDOR-- I WILL BE YOUR TOOL NO LONGER! YOU FORCED ME TO WORK THERE-- SO THAT I WOULD HAVE ACCESS TO **PLASMA**. FOR MONTHS I'VE STOLEN SUPPLIES FOR YOU BOTH-- BUT NOW I'M **THROUGH!**



YOU FEEL **REMORSE**, EH? FOOL, YOU ARE ONE OF **US**-- YOU CAN'T ESCAPE YOUR DESTINY! YOU'LL DO AS WE SAY, OR---

IT'S THAT **HUMAN** SHE'S BECOME INTERESTED IN AT THE HOSPITAL! EVER SINCE SHE TOLD US HER FEELINGS, I **KNEW** THERE'D BE TROUBLE! NOW I'LL TEACH HER A **LESSON!**

YOU'VE GROWN TOO SOFT- HEARTED LATELY, SISTER! WHAT DO **WE** CARE WHETHER PLASMA IS BADLY NEEDED BY HUMANS? YOU'LL DO AS **WE** SAY-- AND PERHAPS WE'D BETTER DO AWAY WITH THIS PERSON **KELKOR** YOU KEEP MENTIONING!

S--STOP! MY ARM-- YOU'RE **HURTING** ME!





THE END

The STOLEN SOUL

GEORGE CUTLER HAD always been remarkably susceptible to hypnosis. He had first discovered this in college, during an experiment in a psychology class. The professor had attempted a demonstration of mass hypnosis, using the entire class as subjects. Only a few students fell into a hypnotic trance, but George was the first to succumb and the last to revive.

After that he amazed the professors frequently with the rapidity and completeness of his trances. Alarmed, one of them advised him to give up such experiments and under no circumstances in the future to allow himself to be hypnotized by a stranger.

But shortly after he left college he met Claudio Ruffino, the internationally famous magician and hypnotist. Upon telling him of his peculiar susceptibility Ruffino suggested that they collaborate for a few performances, which would be profitable to both. The collaboration lasted 15 years, long, hard, and bitter years for George.

For after the first performance George was like a fly trapped in a spider's web. He knew that it was dangerous to subject himself to hypnosis so frequently, but he could not help himself. First it was Ruffino's persuasiveness which won him over whenever he wanted to quit. After a while George was entirely without will. When his wishes and Ruffino's conflicted the magician had only to look into his eyes in a certain way, and George's will-power would drain away.

The last 12 years of George's life were spent in a semi-dream state. He shuffled through life without spirit or vitality, incapable of making a decision without the approval of his master. He never married, never had a life of his own, and was actually a mere slave to the magician's every whim.

He died in a horrible traffic accident, while crossing a busy intersection. Witnesses said he had walked like a man asleep, not hearing the truck driver's horn. This was true, for as the years passed his hypnotic state became deeper and deeper, as if the real world were truly shut out.

The night after George's death Claudio Ruffino found himself wondering whether he would ever find another subject like George, one who would be both servant and subject, working for only food and cheap clothes, one who was incapable of demanding anything. It never occurred to the incredibly selfish and cruel Ruffino that he had destroyed another human being's life, and if it had he would merely have shrugged.

He was alone in a large suite of a fine hotel, sitting in semi-darkness, and smoking slowly. Suddenly he felt a cold draft cross the back of his neck. Thinking he had left a window open he turned around, to face...

A single cry of shocked terror escaped his lips as he staggered backwards, for there before him, materializing swiftly, was the shape of George Cutler, transparent, unearthly, wearing a ghastly shroud. In an instant the specter was upon him, its hideously luminous eyes emitting intense shafts of light, boring into his. Ruffino felt his head swirling, his will-power draining from his body fast.

"D-Don't!" he gasped. "Don't!"

The specter's fingers closed slowly around his throat, and an awful voice intoned, "You usurped my will-power. You denied me life and happiness. You made me a slave. You stole my soul! Without it I cannot rest, and while you are alive I cannot redeem it. And so..."

There was a final gurgling death rattle. The lifeless body of Claudio Ruffino fell to the floor, and all was silence...

BEHIND THE SENSATIONAL HEADLINES OF A NEWS STORY LURKED A TALE OF TERROR SO GHASTLY SO INCREDIBLE, THAT ONLY THE COURAGE OF A FEARLESS REPORTER ENABLED IT TO BE PUBLISHED! HERE IT IS...

The YOUNGEST WEREWOLF!



COULD THERE POSSIBLY HAVE BEEN ANY CONNECTION BETWEEN THIS...



...AND THIS?



YES, READER... AND IT ALL BEGAN AT A SCHOOL ASSEMBLY...

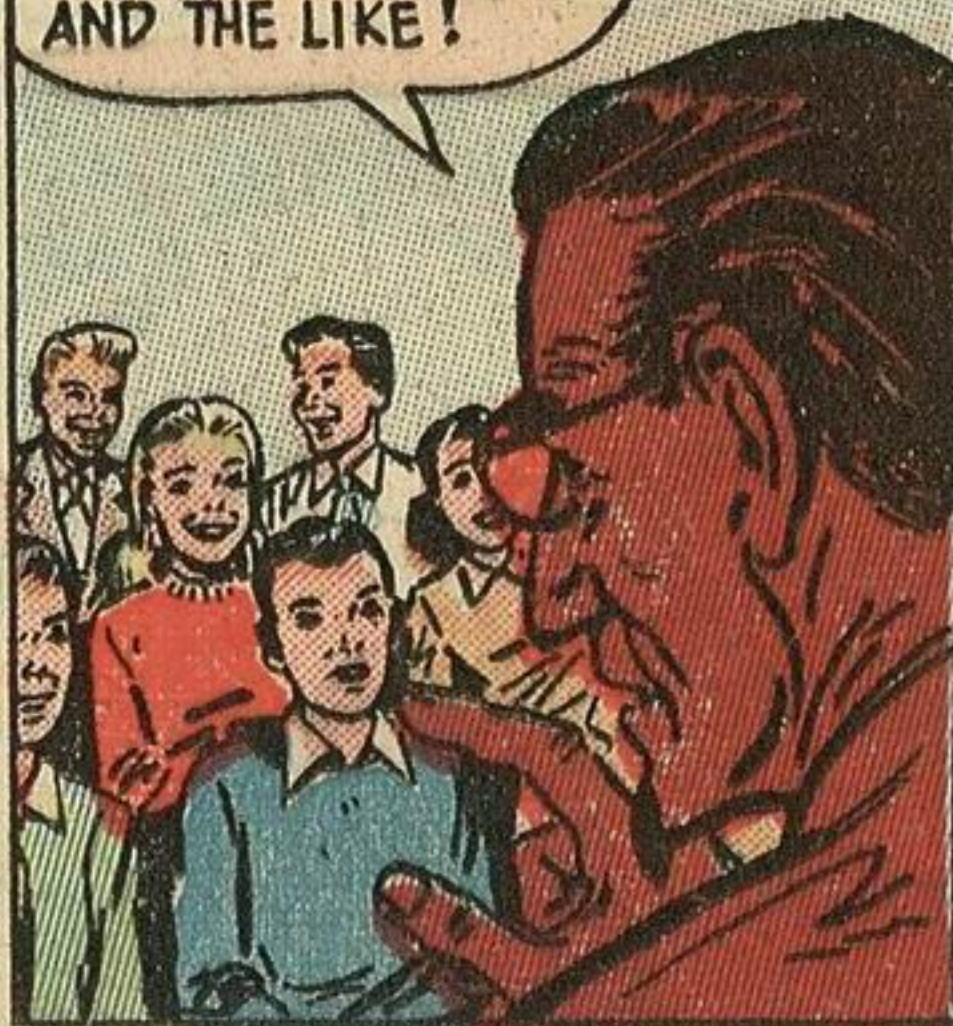
TODAY, CHILDREN, WE ARE LUCKY TO HAVE **PROFESSOR SADER**, THE SCIENTIST, SPEAK TO US ON **SCIENCE VERSUS SUPERSTITION!**



THE MESSAGE OF SCIENCE IS TO SHUN SUPERSTITION! YET, BECAUSE SO MANY UNSOLVED MURDERS HAVE TAKEN PLACE IN A CERTAIN FOREST, IT HAS BECOME KNOWN AS THE "HAUNTED WOOD"! THIS IS RIDICULOUS!



THERE CAN BE NO DANGER BY DAY, SINCE ALL THE KILLINGS HAVE TAKEN PLACE AT NIGHT--AND TO AVOID THE FOREST IS TO PLAY INTO THE HANDS OF THOSE WHO PRATE OF SUCH BALDERDASH AS WEREWOLVES AND THE LIKE!



AS A MAN OF SCIENCE, I ASSURE YOU THAT NO HARM CAN COME OF PLAYING IN THE HAUNTED WOOD! INSTEAD, SHOW YOUR COURAGE AND EDUCATION BY GOING THERE WHENEVER YOU WISH!



GOING HOME FROM SCHOOL, RONNY DALE AND HIS CHUMS PASSED THE HAUNTED WOOD, AS USUAL...

HEY, FELLAS...WE'LL GET HOME A LOT FASTER IF WE TAKE A SHORT-CUT THROUGH HERE!

SURE, THE PROFESSOR SAID IT WOULD BE ALL RIGHT! C'MON!



AS THE BOYS ENTERED THIS REGION OF DARKNESS AND SUPERSTITIOUS DREAD...

GOSH, IT'S... CREEPY IN HERE!

M-MAYBE WE SHOULDN'T HAVE COME...



HEY, LOOK AT THIS CUTE LITTLE PUPPY! HE SEEMS TO WANT ME TO FOLLOW HIM!

FORGET IT--I'M GETTING OUT OF THIS SPOOKY PLACE!

ME, TOO!



SAY, WHERE'S RONNY?

DUNNO---GUESS HE STOPPED TO PLAY WITH THAT DOG! HE'LL BE ALL RIGHT--THE PROFESSOR SAID IT WAS SAFE IN THERE!



BUT THE HOURS PASSED...AND RONNY FAILED TO RETURN HOME...

POLICE DEPARTMENT?
I...I WISH YOU'D SEND OUT
A SEARCH PARTY FOR MY
SON...



WITH REPORTER NAN DARR, DETECTIVE BENSON LED THE SEARCH...

WE'VE GOT MEN
LOOKING EVERY-
WHERE BUT IN THE
HAUNTED WOOD
...WE'LL COVER
THAT OUR-
SELVES!

IF IT'S REALLY
HAUNTED, JOE...
STAY CLOSE
TO ME!



DEEP IN THE FOREST, THEY CAME
UPON A STARTLING SIGHT!

IT'S RONNY...
PLAYING WITH
A PACK OF
DOGS!

HMM...THEY
LOOK MORE
LIKE YOUNG
WOLVES TO
ME!



THEN, AS THE NEW MOON LIT
THE CLEARING, A DREADFUL
EVENT OCCURRED BEFORE
THEIR TERRIFIED EYES!

J-JOE...HE'S
**CHANGING
SHAPE!**

GOOD HEAVENS
...THE STORIES
ABOUT THIS PLACE
ARE **TRUE!** THE
BOY'S **TURNING
INTO A WERE-
WOLF!**



AS THE PACK SUDDENLY TURN-
ED AND SPED AWAY, THE HORROR-
STRUCK COUPLE FOLLOWED...

THEY'RE ATTACK-
ING THAT MAN!
**DO SOME-
THING, JOE!**

FROM THEIR
SIZE, I'D SAY
THEY WERE
**ALL ONCE
KIDS LIKE
RONNY...**



...AND I CAN'T KILL
CHILDREN WHO ARE
HELPLESS BEFORE AN
UNEARTHLY **BLACK
MAGIC!**

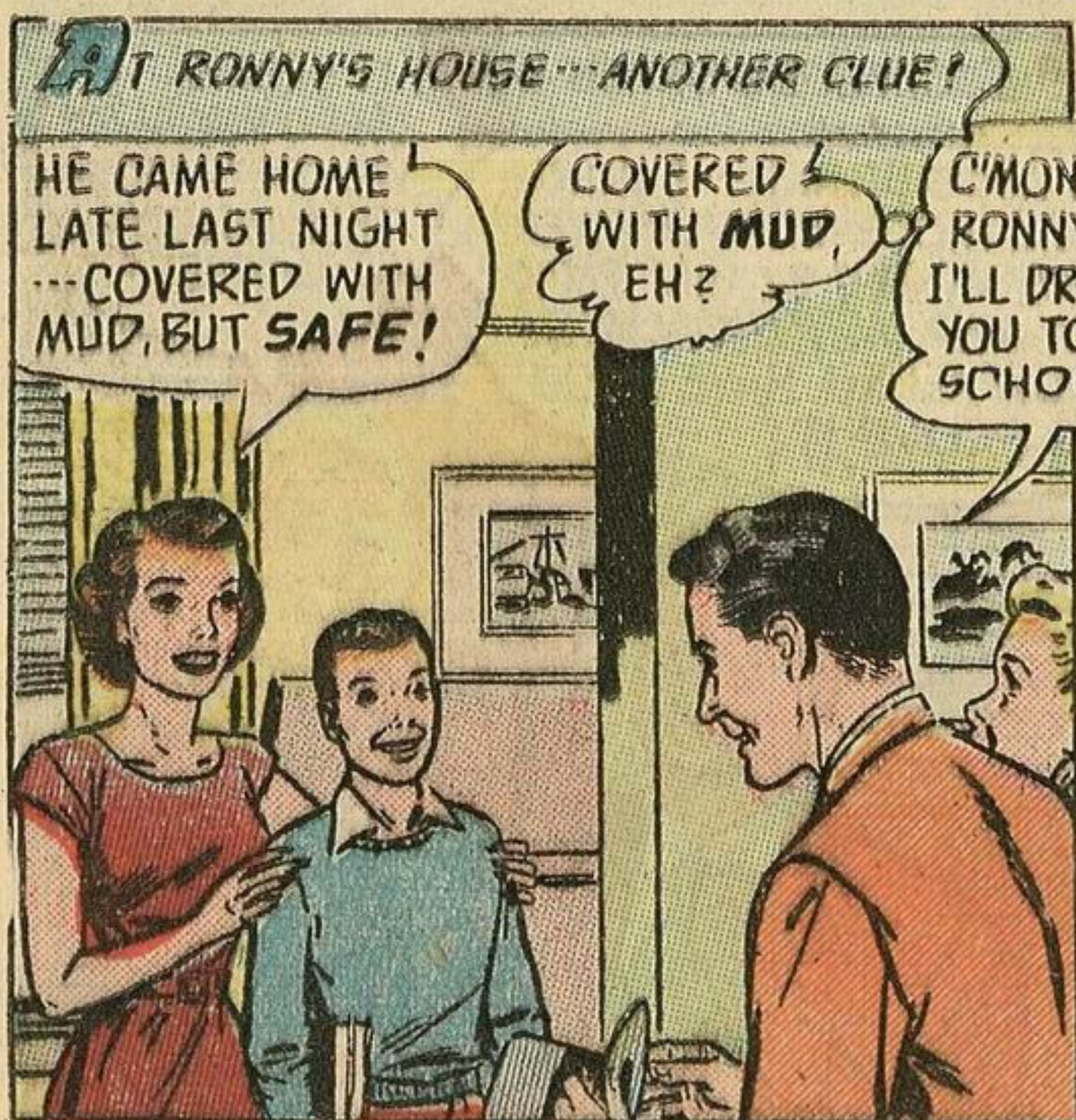
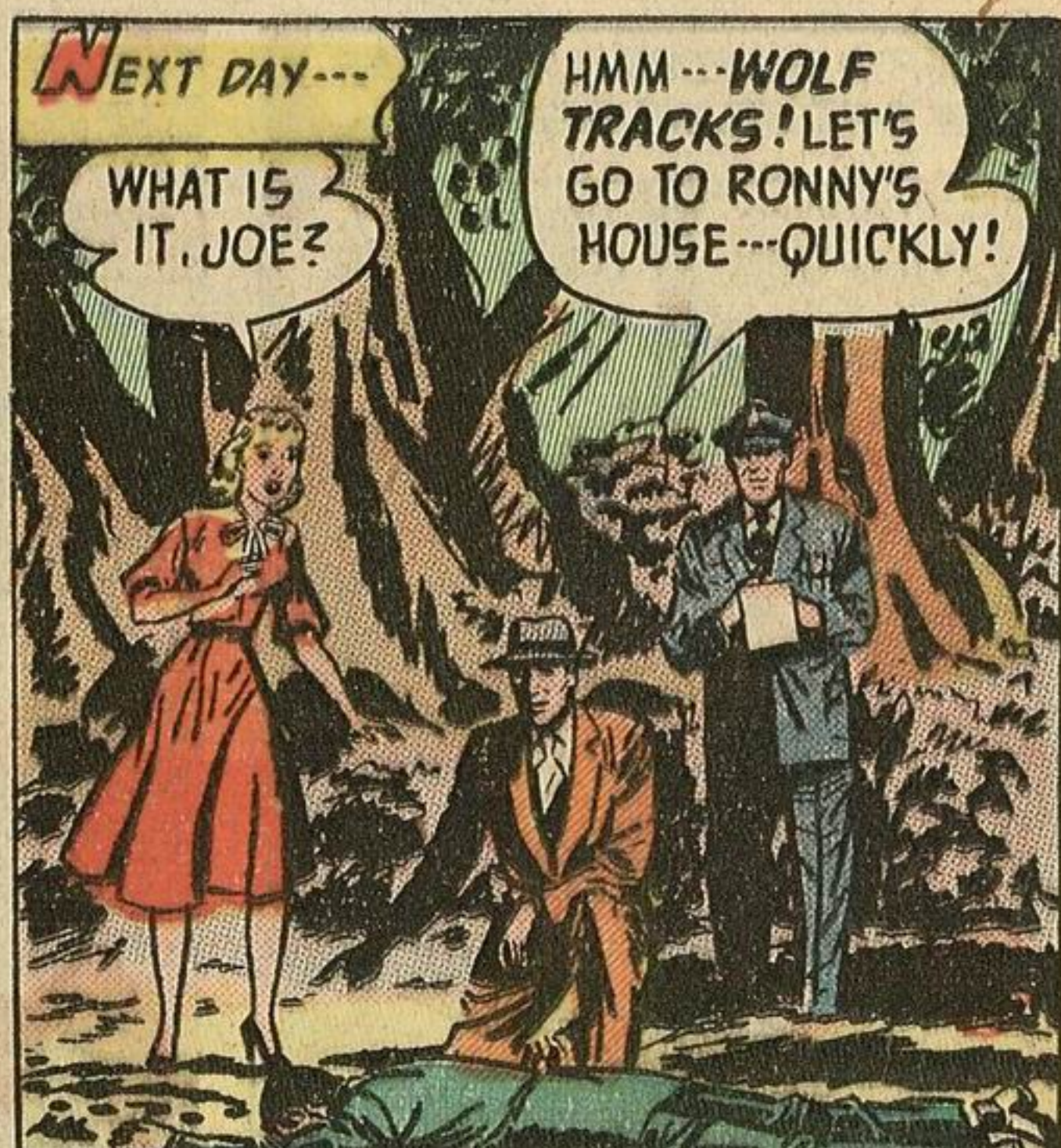


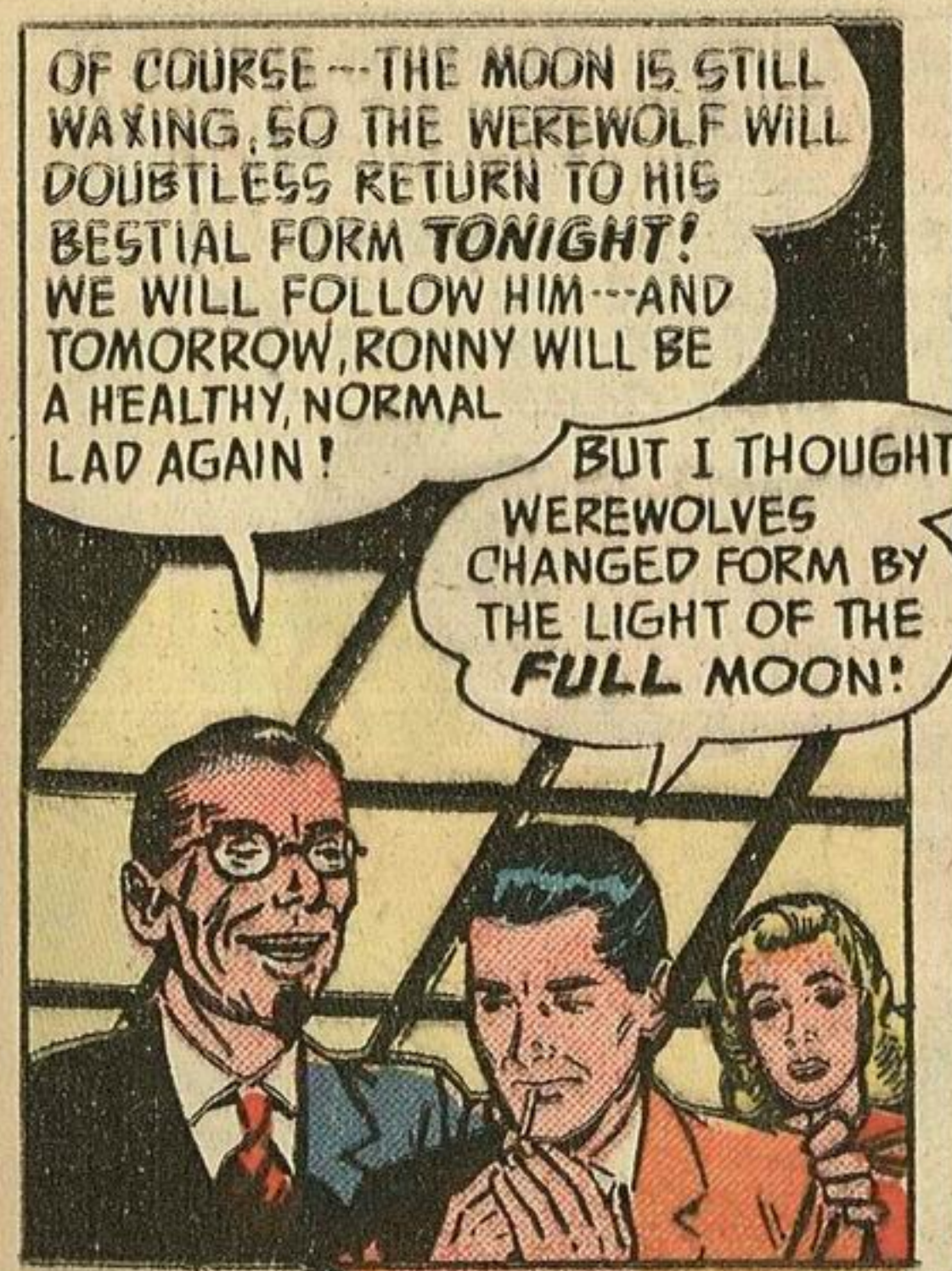
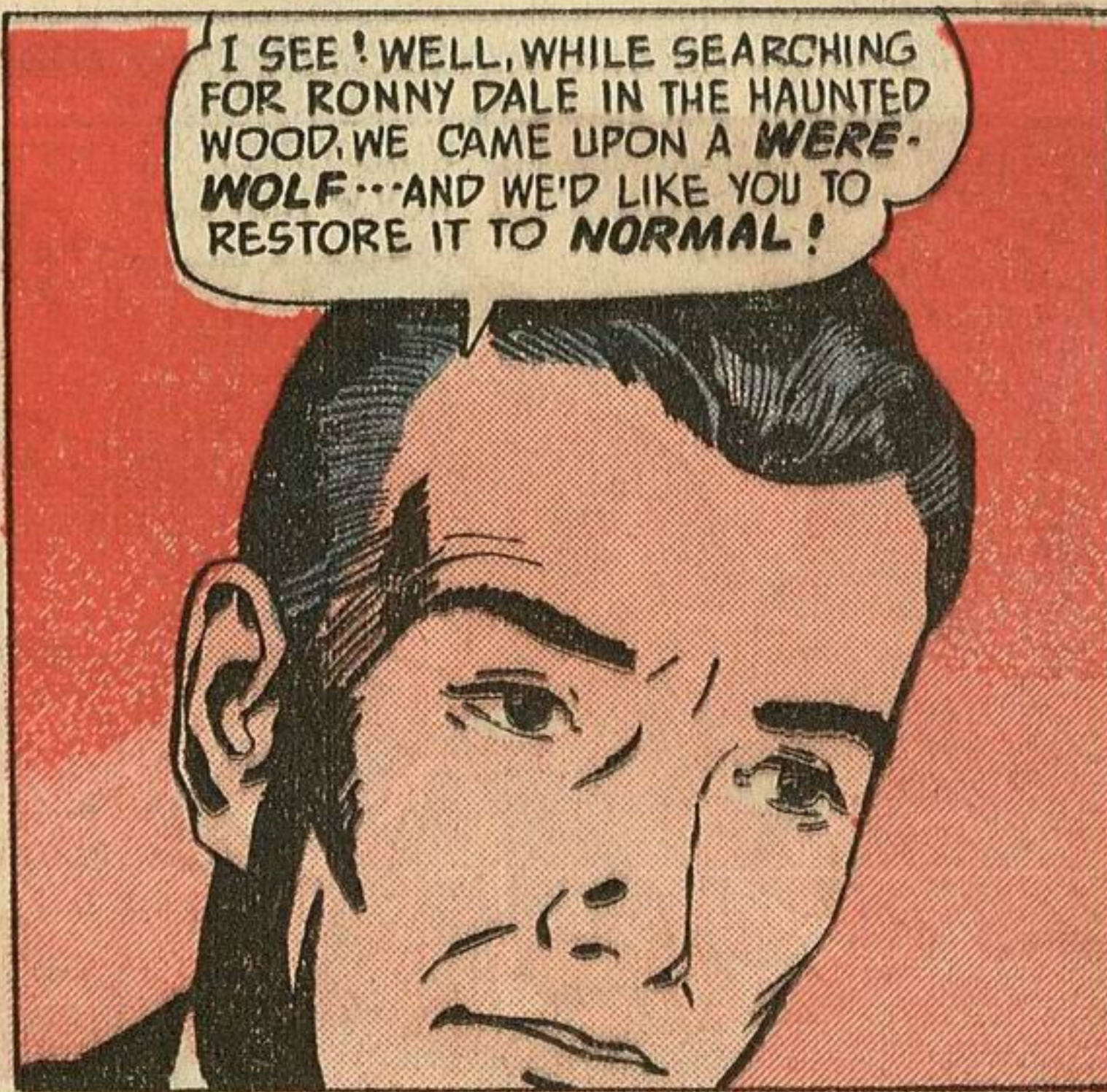
LATER, IN JOE'S OFFICE...

IT ADDS UP, NAN...I THINK
ALL THOSE MURDERS WERE
COMMITTED BY THAT PACK
OF **KID WEREWOLVES!**
NOW ALL WE HAVE TO DO
IS **PROVE IT!**

IT SEEMS...
IMPOSSIBLE!
WE CAN'T EVEN
TELL RONNY'S
MOTHER!







SHORTLY AFTERWARD...

LOOK... HE'S CLIMBING DOWN THE DRAINPIPE!

TO THE HAUNTED WOOD THEY FOLLOWED THE SLINKING FORM...

SEE? HE'S **CHANGING FORM** ALREADY... WE MUST CATCH HIM BEFORE HE ESCAPES!

BUT THE WILY BEAST HEARD WHIRLED...

LOOK OUT, JOE!

WITH DEMONIAIC FURY, THE UNNATURAL CREATURE BORE JOE TO THE GROUND...

HURRY, PROF... I CAN'T HOLD HIM OFF!

O DEMON SPIRIT... SEEK A NEW HAVEN! THIS ONE IS UNSAFE! BACK... BACK TO THE BEYOND, I COMMAND YOU!

Then, THE SNARLING BRUTE RECOILED... AND JOE HELD THE BODY OF AN INNOCENT BOY IN HIS ARMS!

WHEW, THAT WAS CLOSE! BUT RONNY'S SAFE!

HE'LL BE ALL RIGHT FROM NOW ON! LET'S TAKE HIM HOME!

BUT JOE WASN'T SATISFIED! NEXT DAY, HE SPENT SEVERAL HOURS IN THE LIBRARY...

LET'S SEE... "**WEREWOLVES**"... AH, HERE WE ARE! AND THIS CRACKS THE CASE WIDE OPEN!

LATER THAT DAY... A JEWELER'S SHOP...

YOU WANT THIS DUPLICATED
---IN SILVER? THAT
WON'T BE HARD TO DO!

REMEMBER,
I MUST HAVE
IT **TONIGHT!**



WHAT'S IT ALL ABOUT,
JOE? WHY MUST YOU
HAVE IT **TONIGHT?**

BECAUSE THERE'S
A **FULL
MOON!**



EVENING... AND IN PROFESSOR SADER'S STUDY,
THE AWESOME DRAMA APPROACHED ITS HIDE-
OUS END!

...AND SO, WHEN THEY DISCOVERED
THAT RONNY WAS A WEREWOLF, I
HAD TO GIVE HIM HIS FREEDOM
---TO CAST SUSPICION FROM ME---



AS THE FULL MOON EMERGED
FROM THE CLOUDS...

AS FOR THAT SMART-ALEC
DETECTIVE AND HIS GIRL, THEY
MUST **DIE!** THEY ARE SURE
TO DISCOVER THE IDENTITY
OF MY LITTLE WEREWOLF
PACK... BESIDES, THEY NOW
KNOW THE **SECRET
INCANTATION!**



I GO TO
KILL THEM
... **NOW!**



OUTSIDE, DETECTIVE JOE BENSON
PREPARED TO ACT!

I WAS RIGHT!
HERE HE
COMES!

OH!



BUT THIS WAS A FULL GROWN WEREWOLF THEY FACED---THE MOST TERRIFYING OF SUPERNATURAL MONSTERS!

HA! YOU HAVE MADE MY TASK THE EASIER!



FOOL! NO BULLET CAN HARM ME!

NOT EVEN A BULLET MADE OF SILVER?



THIS MAY MAKE IT HARDER!

BANG!



THE AGE-OLD BANE OF WEREWOLVES TOOK EFFECT!

BUT, JOE---HOW DID YOU FIND OUT THAT SADER WAS AT THE BOTTOM OF ALL THIS?

SIMPLE, HONEY!



IF YOU REMEMBER, I TOLD THE PROF THAT WE CAME ACROSS A WEREWOLF IN THE WOODS ---AND HE *KNEW* IT WAS RONNY, ALTHOUGH I DIDN'T TELL HIM! SADER WAS WHAT IS CALLED A *PACK LEADER* ---THE MOST HIDEOUS OF OCCULT CRIMINALS!



NOW LET'S LOOK FOR THE REST OF THAT WEREWOLF PACK! WITH THE DEATH OF SADER, WE'LL PROBABLY FIND A BUNCH OF SCARED KIDS LOST IN THE WOODS---FREED FOREVER FROM THE VILE POWER THAT ENSLAVED THEM!

H-HOW-DO WE GET HERE?



LATER---

THE BIGGEST SCOOP OF THE CENTURY---AND I CAN'T PRINT IT! NO-BODY WOULD BELIEVE IT!





9th NEW...

IT'S SPINE-TINGLING

...IT'S Different!

SKELETON HAND

in **SECRETS OF THE SUPERNATURAL**

CHILL AND THRILL TO STRANGE MYSTERIES FROM BEYOND LIFE ITSELF, BROUGHT TO YOU IN THE STIRRING PAGES OF A GREAT NEW COMICS MAGAZINE! DON'T MISS

SKELETON HAND

10¢ ON ALL STANDS



OF ALL THE chores we have to do around the office this is our favorite: sitting down to our monthly get-together. In the past we've tried to give you some idea of the problems involved in getting a supernatural magazine into shape for publication. Getting out any magazine would be enough, but our difficulties are special.

For as anyone who has read several supernatural comic books knows, "*Adventures Into The Unknown*" occupies a unique status in the field. It was not only the first to appear, but it has consistently led in the chorus of critical enthusiasm. In short, we've got a reputation to live up to!

From time to time this puts a strain on all of us. But that's the price any champion has to pay, and "*Adventures Into The Unknown*" is certainly champ among comics! For this, as for so many other things, you, as a loyal fan, are responsible. Had you demanded anything but the best in the past, "*Adventures Into The Unknown*" might have descended into mediocrity. The reason it hasn't is

that everybody connected with this magazine is himself an enthusiastic fan of supernatural lore. And all of you have certainly kept all of us on our toes!

And so we submit our current issue to your critical consideration. We think "*Death of the Wing!*" one of the greatest yarns we've ever published. Need we say more? As for "*The Youngest Werewolf*", those of you who have been asking for something different will find your requests answered there. Frankly, it's terrifying! "*Death of the Mountain God*" starts on just the right note of suspenseful terror, building up to a climax unrivaled for weird and skin-crawling chills. "*Dunston's Fate*" and "*The Valcourt Ring*" are each masterpieces of their special kind. See if you don't think so.

Why not let us know what you think of this issue? Simply write to The Editor, "*Adventures Into The Unknown*", 45 West 45th Street, New York 36, N. Y. Now, let's listen to what some of our other fans are saying:

"Dear Editor:-

I think '*Adventures Into The Unknown*' is one of the best comics on the stands. Your art work rivals the best I've seen. How do I get back issues?

--Pete Hellman, Falls Church, Va."

"Dear Editor:-

Only a short time ago I took up collecting weird comics. I bought many, but when I read '*Adventures Into The Unknown*' I finally knew which book was best. Yours! Please let's have more stories about werewolves and vampires.

--Theodore Bogacy, Chicago, Ill."

"Dear Editor:-

I have been reading '*Adventures Into The Unknown*' for about a year. In my opinion it is the best of any weird comic book. I think '*The Little Witch*' is one of your best stories. Keep up the good work.

--Barbara Waggoner, Borger, Texas."

DUNSTON'S FATE

A YOUNG HOODLUM FROM OUT OF THE WEST, HE HAD COME UP THE HARD, TOUGH WAY---

THAT'S WHAT HAPPENS TO ANYBODY THAT CROSSES BIG JIM DUNSTON!

SO THIS IS THE BIG TOWN, EH? WELL, BEFORE LONG IT'LL BE EATIN' OUTA MY HAND!

FOR FIFTEEN YEARS HE HAD TERRORIZED THE NEW YORK WATERFRONT! NOW, RICH AND POWERFUL, HE MADE PLANS TO RETIRE...UNAWARE OF THE AWFUL FATE WHICH PROVIDENCE HELD IN STORE FOR HIM!

IT WASN'T EASY GAINING RECOGNITION AMONG THUGS AS RUTHLESS AND QUICK WITH A GUN AS HE...BUT BIG JIM DUNSTON WAS DETERMINED TO GO PLACES!

HI, BOYS! I GOT SOMETHIN' FOR YOU...FROM THE BOSS!

BANG! BANG!

MERCILESS, BUT KEENLY INTELLIGENT, DUNSTON SOON HAD A GANG OF HIS OWN...AND SET ABOUT DESTROYING THE OPPOSITION!

EVERYBODY'S GOT THEIR ORDERS...I DON'T WANT NO SLIP-UPS!

WE GOTCHA, BOSS!

YES, DUNSTON WAS GIFTED! ADEPT AT WHOLESALE SLAUGHTER...

OH-HH!

GET 'EM ALL, BOYS!

RATTATAT!

MASTER OF DISPOSING OF ENEMIES...

YOU CAN'T DO THIS, DUNSTON!
PLEASE, WE CAN MAKE A DEAL...

SHUT UP! YOU BEEN IN MY
WAY TOO LONG, MORETTI,
AN' THIS TIME I'M GETTIN'
RID OF YOU...FOR GOOD!



**TO AN OLD CRIMINAL PRACTISE...
DUNSTON ADDED A FIENDISH GIMMICK!**

I'M GONNA TEACH THE RIVAL
MOBS A LESSON! WE DON'T
WASTE ANY BULLETS ON THIS
PUNK, SEE? INSTEAD...



**WHEN THE CONCRETE HARD-
ENED...**

THAT'S ...
CONCRETE!
DON'T...

HAPPY
LANDINGS,
MORETTI!



YAAAGH!



**THUS, OVER THE YEARS, DUNSTON'S RIVALS MET THEIR
HORRIBLE FATES...**



**KINGPIN OF THE UNDERWORLD, DUNSTON HAD ONE FLAW
IN HIS ARMOR... SUPERSTITION!**

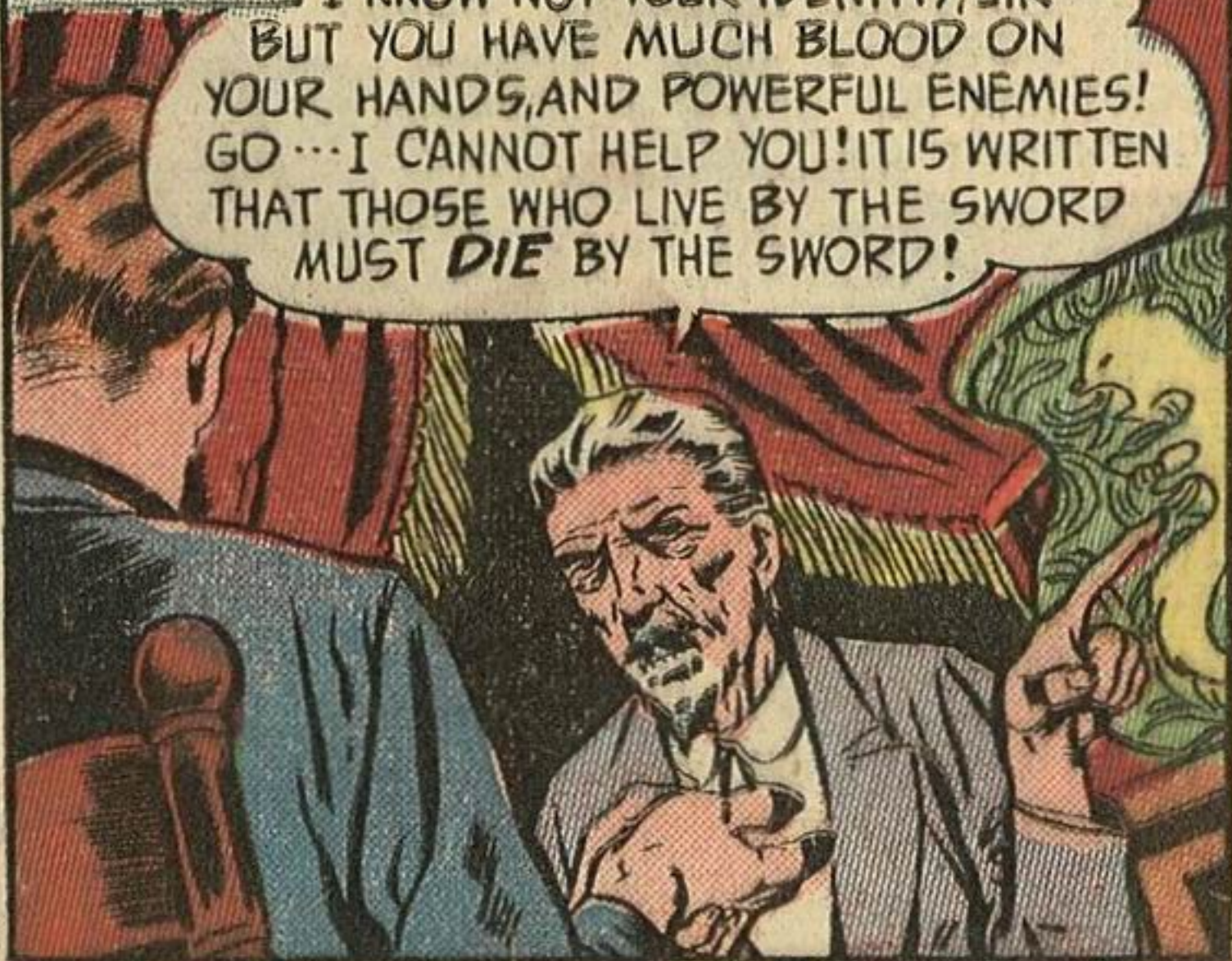
YOU WILL LIVE TO
NINETY, MR. DUNSTON
...RICH, FAMOUS...

YOU'RE A LIAR!
JUST LIKE ALL THE
OTHERS... YOU TELL ME
WHAT I WANNA HEAR!



**ONCE, HOWEVER, WHEN HE VISITED A PALM READER
INCognito**

I KNOW NOT YOUR IDENTITY, SIR...
BUT YOU HAVE MUCH BLOOD ON
YOUR HANDS, AND POWERFUL ENEMIES!
GO... I CANNOT HELP YOU! IT IS WRITTEN
THAT THOSE WHO LIVE BY THE SWORD
MUST **DIE** BY THE SWORD!



THE YEARS ROLLED ON...BRINGING GREATER WEALTH AND POWER,AND THE FULFILLMENT OF A CHILDHOOD DESIRE...

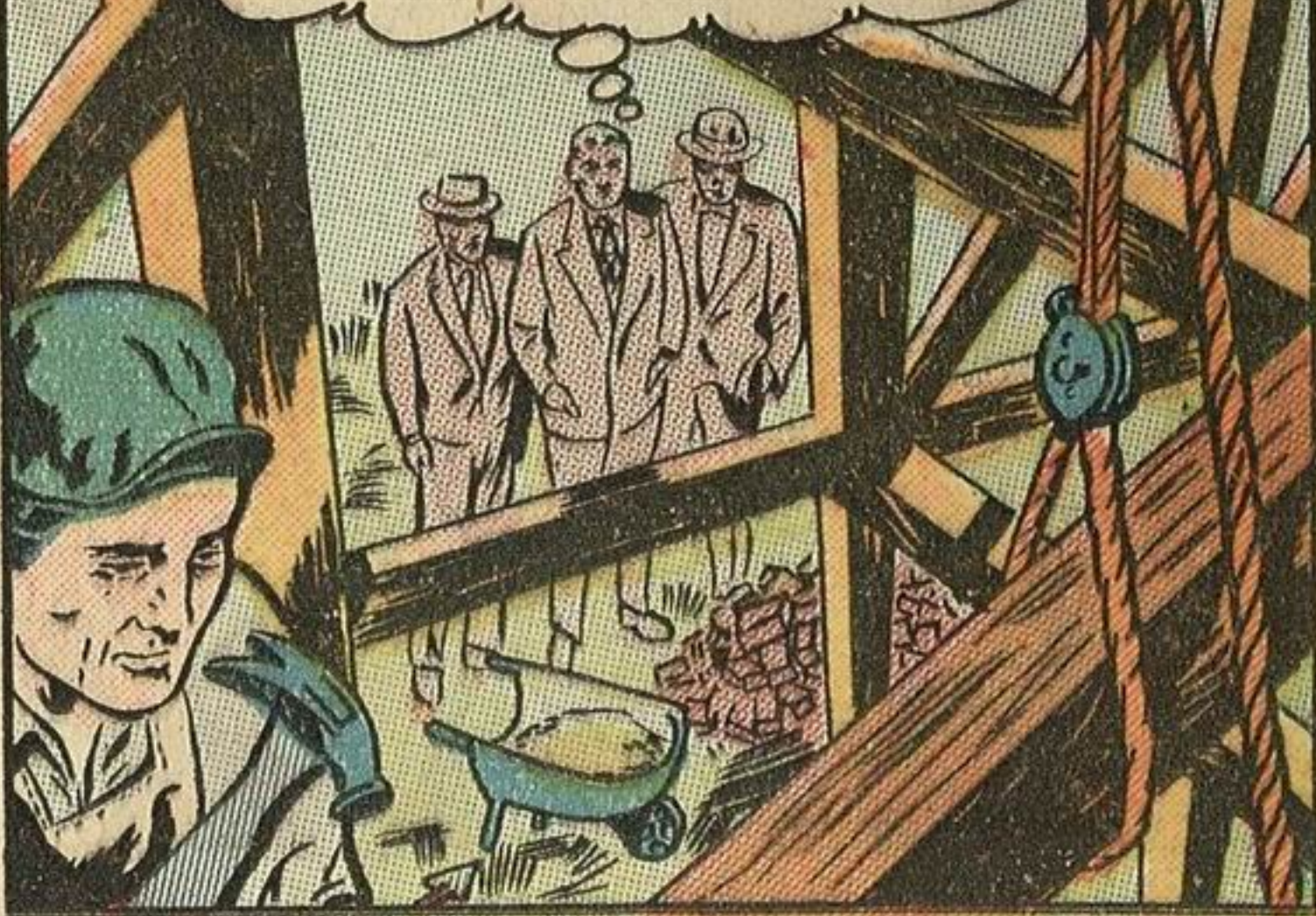
EVER SINCE I WAS A KID I'VE WANTED A PLUSH JOINT IN THE COUNTRY!GET TO WORK ON IT...AND NEVER MIND THE EXPENSE!

YES,SIR...IMMEDIATELY!



WHEN THE WORK BEGAN...

MAYBE NOW'S THE TIME TO START ENJOYIN' LIFE! I GOT MILLIONS STASHED AWAY... WHY NOT CALL IT QUITS? SURE, MAYBE I WILL LIVE TO BE NINETY!



AS THE HOUSE NEARED COMPLETION, A STRANGE RESTLESSNESS OVERTOOK DUNSTON...

I CAN'T SLEEP LATELY... THINKIN' ABOUT THE HOUSE! MAYBE I OUGHTA RUN UP THERE ...ALONE...THE COUNTRY AIR'LL SOOTHE MY NERVES!



SHORTLY AFTER MIDNIGHT...

AH,IT'S PRACTICALLY DONE! GUESS I'LL WANDER AROUND...



HMM, I SEE THEY POURED CONCRETE INTO THE SWIMMIN' POOL TODAY! I'LL HAVE THE BIGGEST ONE FOR MILES AROUND...WHAT THE...!



WH-WHAT DO YOU MEAN,OUR RE- VENGES?...WHAT'S THAT SOUND?

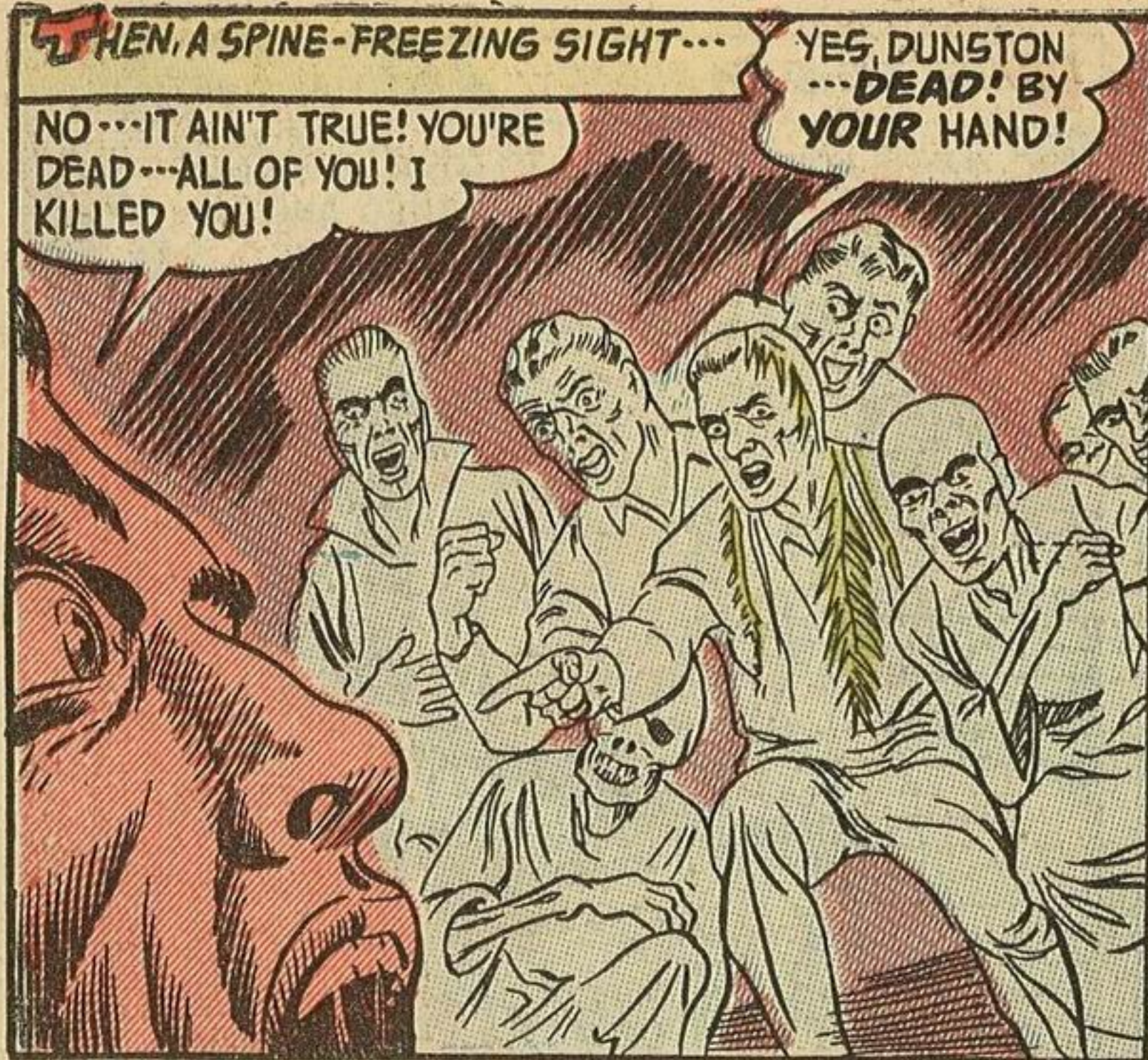
YOUR FRIENDS, DUNSTON...OLD FRIENDS!THEY'RE COMING!

PUSHED SUDDENLY FROM BEHIND,DUNSTON TOOK THE FALL FEET FIRST AND WHIRLED QUICKLY TO FACE...TERROR!

YOU!M-MORETTI! BUT IT...CAN'T BE!

CAN'T IT? HA-HA! WE HAVE WAITED A LONG TIME FOR THIS...OUR RE- VENGES!





THEN, A SPINE-FREEZING SIGHT...

NO...IT AIN'T TRUE! YOU'RE DEAD---ALL OF YOU! I KILLED YOU!

YES, DUNSTON...**DEAD!** BY **YOUR HAND!**



YOU...YOU CAN'T HURT ME! YOU'RE BODILESS! I'M GETTIN' OUTA HERE WHILE...**GREAT SCOTT!** I... I'M **STUCK!** THE CONCRETE'S HARDENED WHILE I'VE BEEN STANDING HERE, AND...WHAT'S **THAT?**

SPLASH!



OH, NO! THEY'VE RELEASED THE WATER! DON'T DO THIS! DON'T! HELP!

LISTEN...HE SHOUTS FOR HELP! HA-HA!



IT WAS THEN DUNSTON REMEMBERED THERE WERE NO HOUSES FOR MILES AROUND! AS THE WATER ROSE INEXORABLY IN THE AGONIZING MINUTES...

MERCY! PLEASE... DON'T DO IT! I'LL DO ANYTHING... **PAY ANYTHING! PLEASE!**

BEG, FOOL...JUST AS WE DID!



NO...STOP! STOP!

HA-HA-HA-HA-HA!



A SHORT, FEARFUL SHRIEK, CHOKED OFF BY A TERRIFYING GURGLE! THEN ALL IS SILENCE, BUT FOR THE RAPID POPPING OF A STREAM OF AIR BUBBLES! IN A MOMENT THIS WILL END TOO, AND THE SURFACE OF THE POOL WILL BE CALM! BIG JIM DUNSTON HAS MET HIS FATE!

THE END!

The VALCOURT RING



ONE OF THE FASCINATING LOCAL LEGENDS STILL TOLD IN THE WESSEX SECTION OF ENGLAND CONCERNS THE ILL-STARRED VALCOURT FAMILY! IN 1713, AT THE BURIAL OF YOUNG GEORGE VALCOURT...

RECEIVE THESE LAST REMAINS UNTO THY EVERLASTING MERCY, O LORD!

WELL, PHILIP... AS THE LAST OF THE VALCOURTS, THE ENTIRE PROPERTY IS YOURS!



THAT NIGHT, IN THE DINING HALL OF VALCOURT MANOR...

THIS FRIVOLITY IS UNSEEMLY, PHILIP! GEORGE WAS YOUR BROTHER... BELOVED BY ALL...

YOU FOOLS, I HATED HIM... HATED HIM! NOW HIS WEALTH IS MINE... TO DO WITH AS I PLEASE!



IN PHILIP'S BEDCHAMBER...

HA-HA! THIS ANCIENT RING, SYMBOLIZING POWER OVER THE VAST VALCOURT REALM... IT BELONGS TO ME AT LAST!

NO, PHILIP... YOU ARE UNWORTHY!



Y-YOU! BUT IT CAN'T BE! STAY BACK... BACK!

NO, PHILIP... YOU MUST JOIN ME!



NEXT MORNING, WHEN CONSTABLES ARRIVED...

STRANGE, THE KILLER LEFT ALL THOSE VALUABLES UNTOUCHED!

BUT THE FAMOUS VALCOURT RING... IT'S BEEN TAKEN FROM HIS HAND!



TWO YEARS LATER...

NOT A CLUE IN ALL THIS TIME! I'D HOPED THE KILLER WOULD SELL THE RING AND SO GIVE US A LEAD!

I SUPPOSE THAT FOR SOME REASON HE WANTED IT FOR HIMSELF! WELL, NOW THAT THE MANOR'S BEEN SOLD, INTEREST IN THE CASE WILL DIE OUT!



INTEREST IN THE CASE MIGHT HAVE DIED OUT BUT FOR THE FACT THAT SOON AFTERWARDS, THE NEW OWNER OF VALCOURT MANOR DECIDED TO MOVE THE FAMILY CEMETERY TO ANOTHER SPOT! WHEN THE GRAVES WERE EXHUMED AND THE BODY OF GEORGE VALCOURT EXPOSED TO VIEW...

GOOD HEAVENS! THE MISSING VALCOURT RING... LOOK!

ON... ON GEORGE'S FINGER! DO YOU THINK...?

WHAT DO YOU THINK, READER?



The END!

OUT OF ^{the} NIGHT

The **GRIPPING THRILLS**
of a
LIFETIME!

They're all in that startling new comics magazine... "OUT OF THE NIGHT"! Read it for spine-tingling chills... for all of the weird secrets of a world thrillingly populated by ghosts, zombies, werewolves and vampires! They're all in...

OUT OF ^{the} NIGHT

10¢ ON ALL STANDS

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and
"FORBIDDEN WORLDS."

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Please print your name and address plainly

RINGS

LEATHER GOODS

PRIZES FOR GIRLS, TOO!

DEATH OF THE MOUNTAIN GOD



When a busy newspaper editor takes time out to write us a story, we pass it on to you --- especially when it's one of the most unusually spine-chilling tales of terror and suspense we've ever read! Such a horrifying chiller is **DEATH OF THE MOUNTAIN GOD!**

IT ALL BEGAN WHEN DOC BLANE, THE WELL-KNOWN HISTORIAN, CALLED MY OFFICE RECENTLY ---

CAL? GOT A SCOOP FOR YOU -- IT'S ALL ABOUT A GROUP OF MYSTERIOUS STATUES ON TOP OF A SCREAMING MOUNTAIN! INTERESTED?

SOUNDS GOOD -- I'LL BE RIGHT OVER!



I WAS EVEN MORE INTERESTED WHEN I FOUND THAT THE DOC'S NIECE, BESS, WAS IN ON THE STORY ---

ONLY ONE MAN HAS MANAGED TO CLIMB THE MOUNTAIN AND SEE THE STATUES -- ALL OTHERS DIED! BESS AND I ARE GOING TO TRY -- WE'RE LEAVING TOMORROW!

AND I'M GOING WITH YOU!

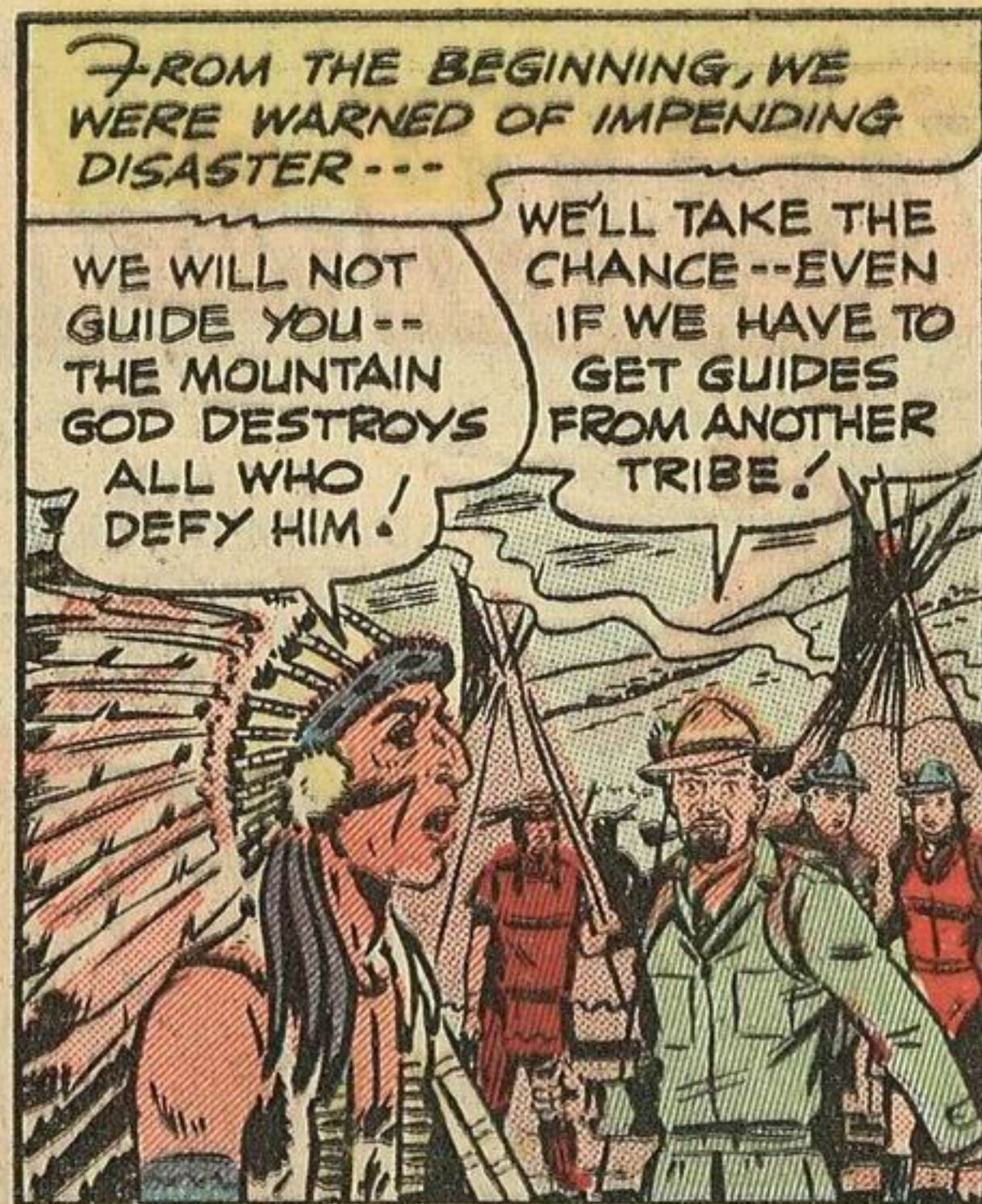




IN THE MYSTERIOUS SOUTHWEST, A FEW DAYS LATER, AS WE CAME TO THE FOOT OF "THE MOUNTAIN THAT KILLS"---

IT--IT LOOKS LIKE A SKULL!

EASY, BESS! DON'T LET YOUR IMAGINATION RUN AWAY WITH YOU!



FROM THE BEGINNING, WE WERE WARNED OF IMPENDING DISASTER---

WE WILL NOT GUIDE YOU-- THE MOUNTAIN GOD DESTROYS ALL WHO DEFY HIM!

WE'LL TAKE THE CHANCE--EVEN IF WE HAVE TO GET GUIDES FROM ANOTHER TRIBE!



AT LAST WE STARTED UP THE FORBIDDING PEAK---

IGNORE THE FOOL!

BEWARE! YOU GO TO YOUR DEATH!



ABOUT HALFWAY UP, THERE CAME AN OMINOUS RUMBLING, AND THEN---

AVALANCHE! WE ARE DOOMED!

R-RUMBLE!



WITH HIDEOUS SCREAMS, OUR TWO GUIDES PLUNGED INTO THE ROCKY VALLEY BELOW!

AIEEEE!

THUD!



WE CONTINUED UPWARD--BUT NOW WE ALL FELT AN EERIE SURGE OF SUPERSTITIOUS TERROR!

CAL-- I'M AFRAID.

SO AM I! THAT AVALANCHE SEEMED TO BE AIMED AT US!

LOOK-- WE'VE REACHED THE TOP!



AS WE ENTERED THE CAV-
ERN, A NIGHTMARE SCREECH
SUDDENLY SHATTERED THE
DEATHLY SILENCE!

W-WHAT
IS IT?



I KNOW -- IT'S
JUST THE WIND!
IN THIS WINDING
TUNNEL, IT SOUNDS
LIKE AN **UNEARTH-
LY SCREAM!** BUT
IT'S PERFECTLY
HARMLESS!



LIKE FOOLS, WE BELIEVED HIM!
WE DIDN'T SEE THE EVIL,
ALIEN EYES THAT LEERED
AT US AS WE PASSED --



AT LENGTH WE EMERGED FROM
THE DANK TUNNEL INTO A
HUGE CAVERN --

THIS MUST
BE WHERE THE
SCULPTOR LIVES
-- HALLOOO!

THERE'S
SOMETHING
GHASTLY
--- ABOUT
THIS PLACE!



THEN WE WERE SET UPON BY A HORDE OF
DREADFUL SHAPES -- HALF HUMAN, YET
FORMED OF LIVING ROCK!

THOSE AWFUL
THINGS -- THEY'RE
ALIVE!



HOLY SMOKE!
A GUN CAN'T
STOP THEM --

BAM!
BAM!



WHAT CHANCE DID WE HAVE AGAINST
THOSE DEATHLESS MONSTERS FROM
THE BEYOND?

THEY'VE
-- GOT
US!

WE TAKE YOU
BEFORE GOD OF
THE MOUNTAIN!





IT WAS LIKE A REPULSIVE MONSTER FROM AN INSANE DREAM--THE GOD OF THE MOUNTAIN!

SO--WE COULD NOT FRIGHTEN YOU AWAY! YOU HAVE DECIDED YOUR OWN FATE!



WE HAVE LITTLE OF BEAUTY HERE! THEREFORE THE GIRL WILL BE TURNED TO STONE--TO REMAIN WITH US, A LOVELY STATUE, FOREVER!



NO! YOU CAN'T DO THAT--NOT TO HER!

IMPRISON THIS FOOL--TILL WE FINISH WITH THE GIRL! THEN--HE SHALL DIE!



FROM MY TINY CELL, I WATCHED THOSE FIENDS BEGIN THE DEVILISH RITUAL THAT WOULD TURN BESS INTO LIVING STONE!

I'VE GOT TO STOP THEM SOME-HOW! I--I CAN'T LET THAT HAPPEN TO HER!



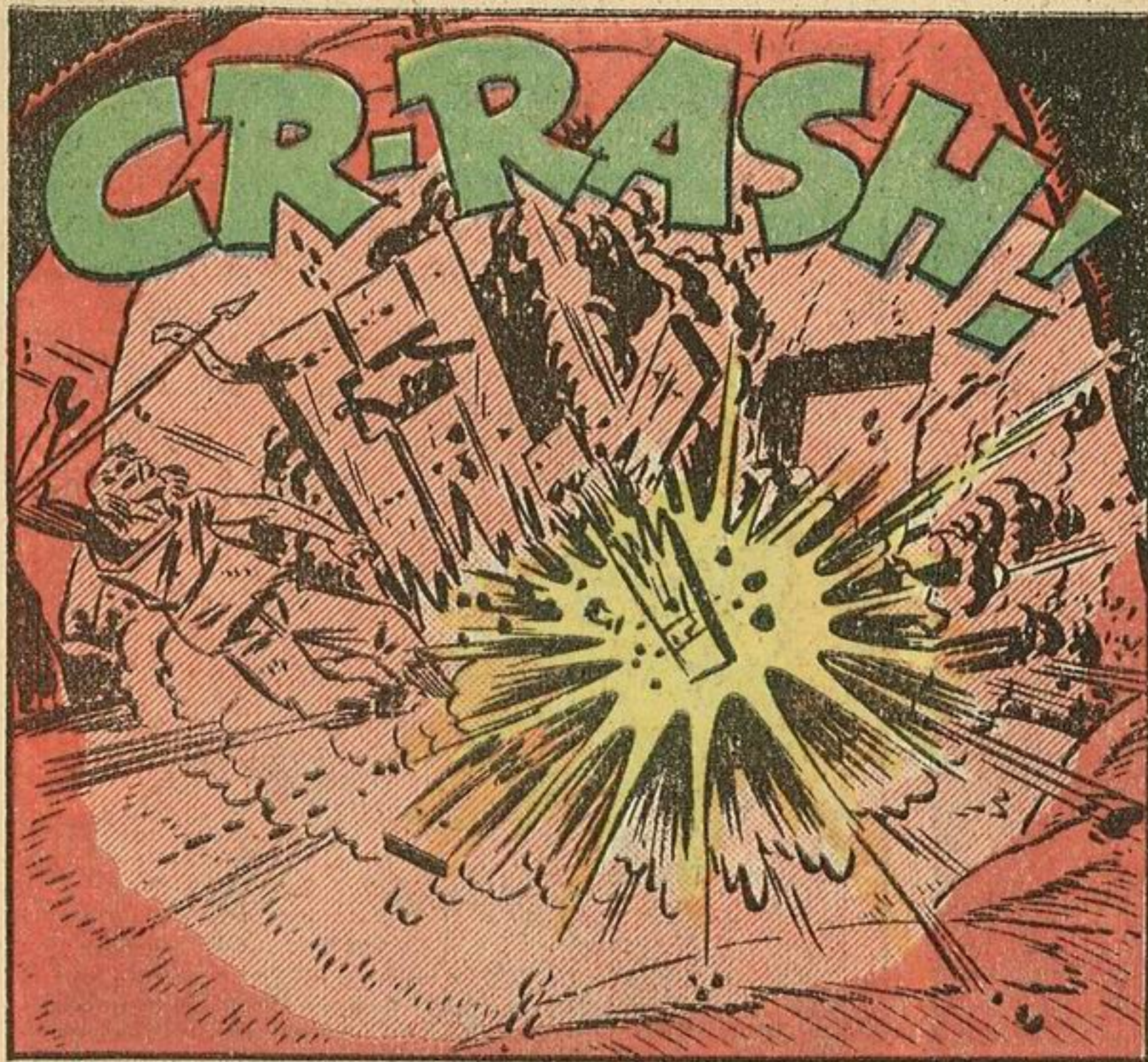
O UNHOLY POWERS OF DARKNESS--LET HER BLOOD SLOW, HER LIMBS STIFFEN! LET HER FLESH HARDEN TO IMMORTAL STONE!

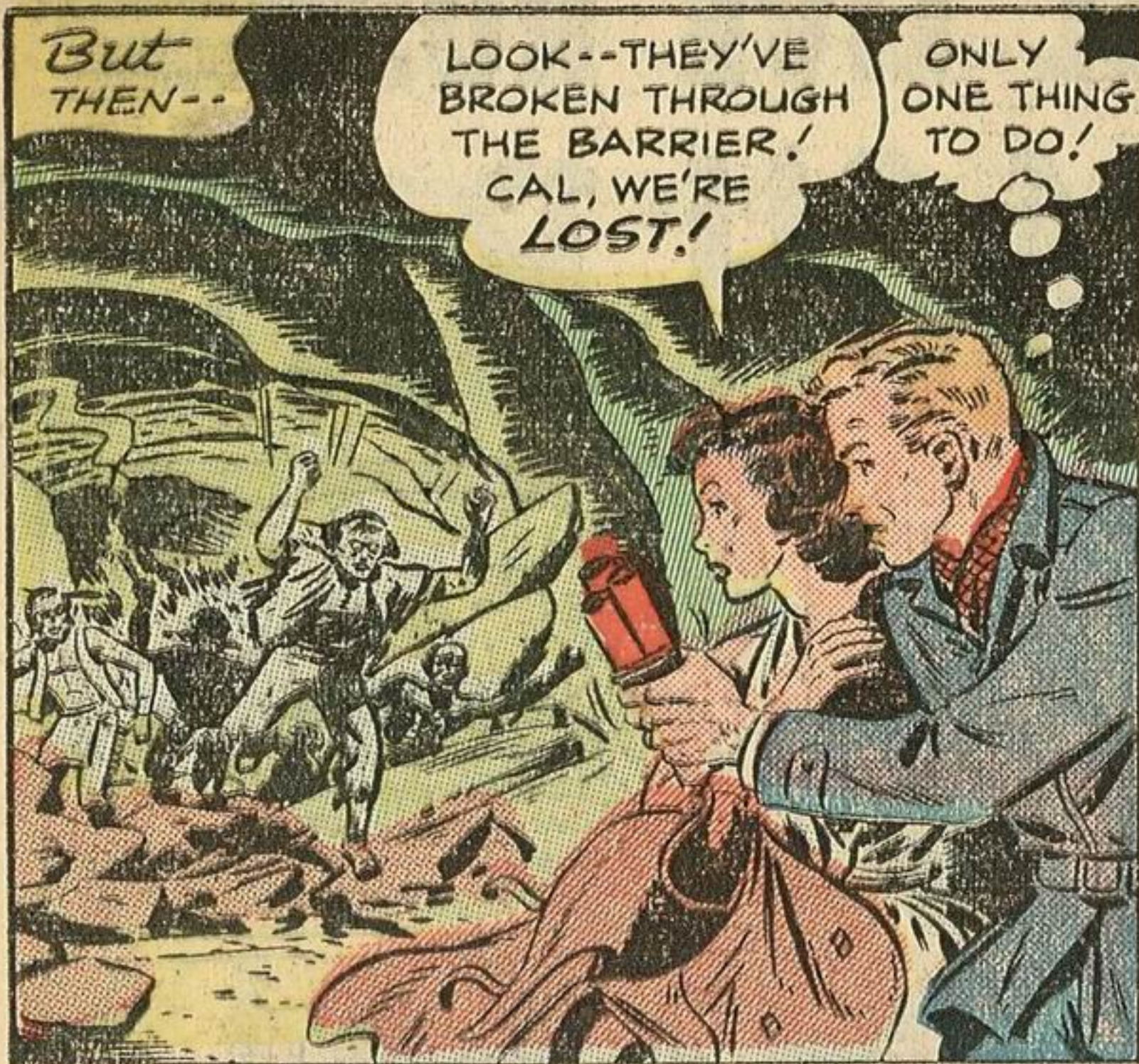


I BROUGHT THIS DYNAMITE IN CASE WE HAD TO BLAST INTO A CAVE! NOW IT LOOKS LIKE I'LL HAVE TO BLAST A WAY OUT!

THIS WILL EITHER SAVE US OR KILL US--BUT I'VE GOT TO TAKE THE CHANCE!

SPUT-TT!





But then--

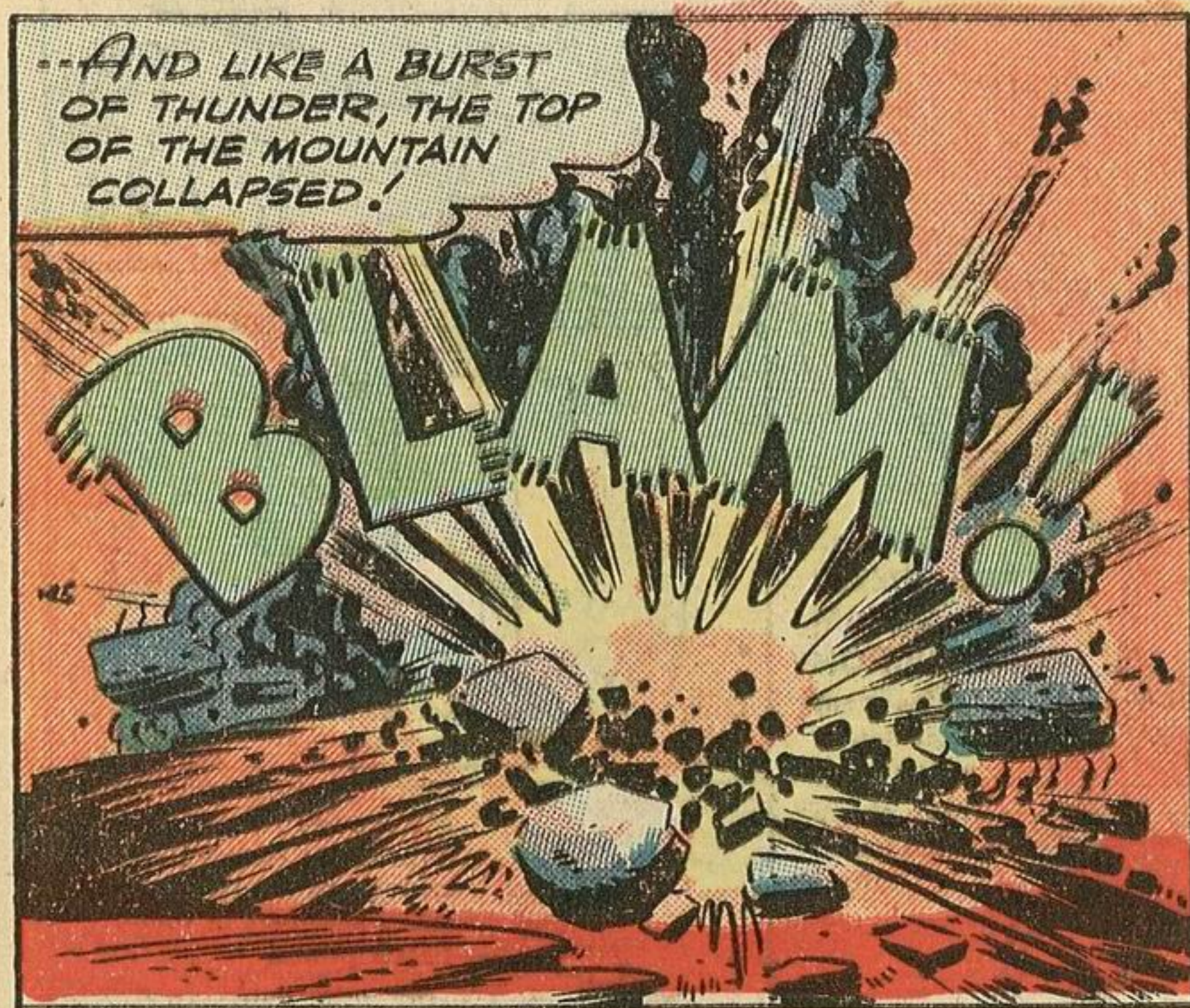
LOOK--THEY'VE
BROKEN THROUGH
THE BARRIER!
CAL, WE'RE
LOST!

ONLY
ONE THING
TO DO!



GET
FLAT,
BESS!

AS WE REACHED THE BLINDING SUN-
LIGHT OF SAFETY, I LIT THE REST
OF THE DYNAMITE--



--AND LIKE A BURST
OF THUNDER, THE TOP
OF THE MOUNTAIN
COLLAPSED!



THE MOUNTAIN GOD
SCREAMED --FOR
THE LAST TIME!



WHEN ALL WAS
STILL, WE STARTED
FORWARD AGAIN--

IT'S
ALL
RIGHT,
NOW--
WE'RE
SAFE!

CAL--I
FEEL SO..
STRANGE!
CAN'T
MOVE.



BUT SOMETHING IN
HER VOICE MADE
ME TURN--

BESS!
N-NO,
BESS,
DARLING!



I STAYED WITH HER ALL
NIGHT--THEN I LEFT HER
THERE ON THE MOUNTAIN--
HER BEAUTY ENSHRINED
FOREVER IN LASTING STONE!

3 Feet HIGH! ALL LIVE RUBBER* GIANT BEACH BALL

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AGAINST
BREAKAGE**



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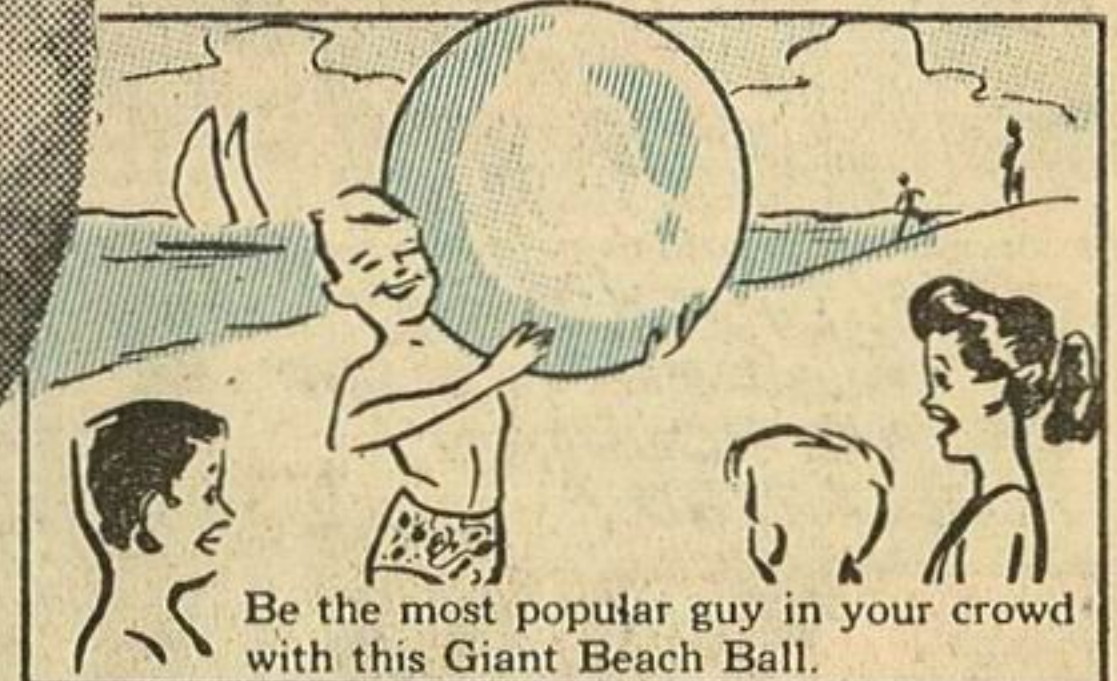
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"I surprise my friends by out-lifting them." D.P., Ind.



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"Here's my photo showing just how I look today. I owe it all to you." —W.D., New York



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